# FLICK

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THE MAGAZINE OF EROTIC MOVIES

APRIL 1976

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## 2 SCIENTISTS SCREW ON SCREEN: TUPPY OWENS, Zoologist AL LEVITSKY, Biologist

## SHE TOOK 10 INCHES TO MAKE HER "EVERY INCH A LADY"

## THE GIRL WHO COULDN'T GAG: "ANYONE BUT MY HUSBAND"

## ALSO— "NAUGHTY VICTORIANS" and "SENSATIONS"

JULIA FRANKLIN
in "DIVINE OBSESSION"

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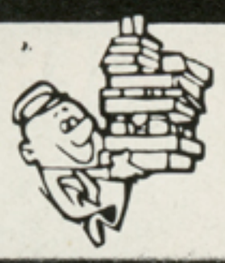

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- √ **220 Page Book:** Olympia Press Famous French Classic On Lesbian Theme ($2.25 Value)
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# FLICK

VOLUME 1, NO. 6 APRIL 1976

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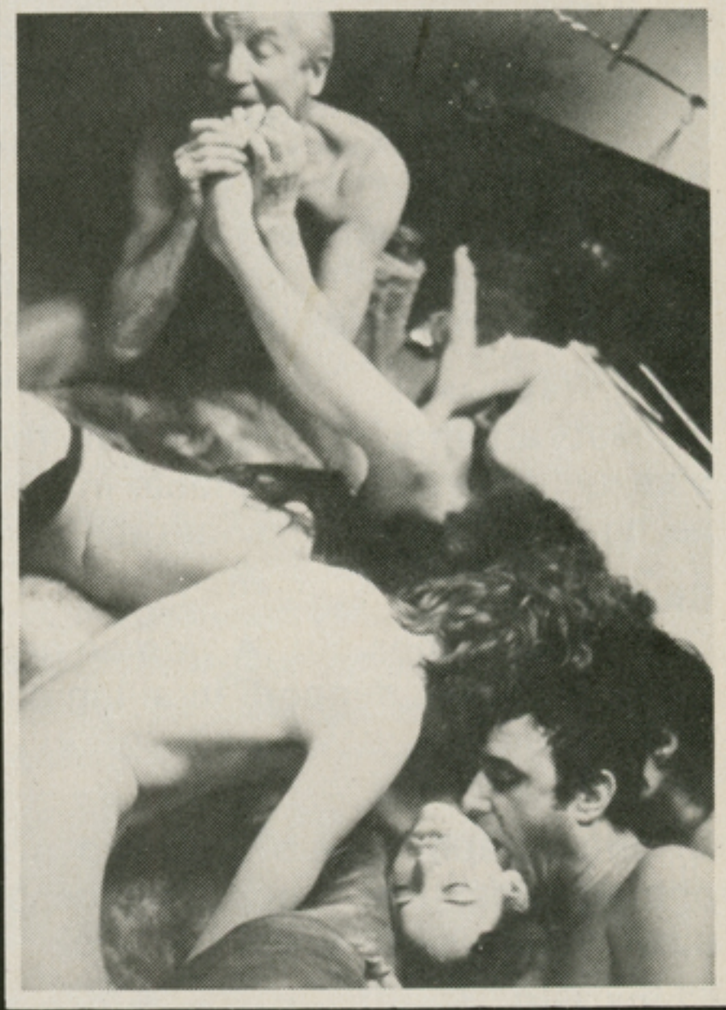

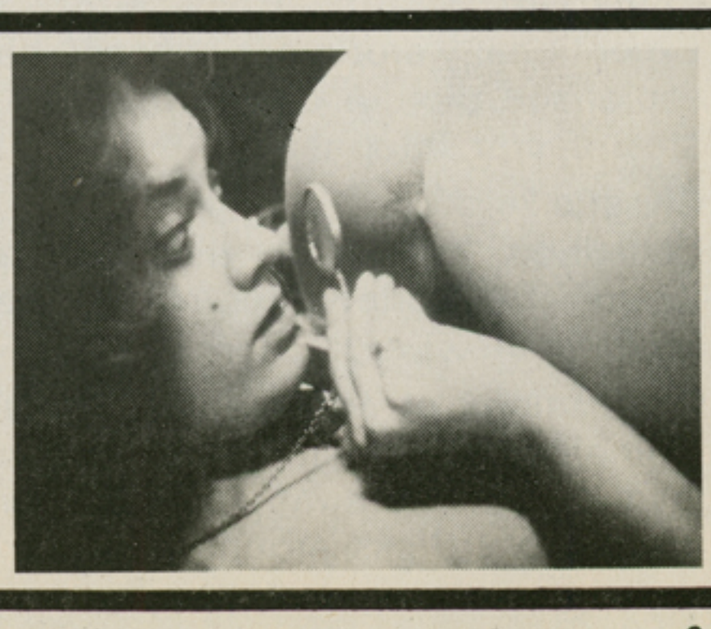

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# Flick's Guide To Blue Movies

**Rating system:**

* May be explicit, but who cares?
** Better than piss-poor, but hardly a classic.
*** A good attempt to make you hot to trot.
**** Superb, will make you want to come again and again!

**Editor's Note: Most films are shot in soft-X as well as a hard-X version. Check your local theatre to see which is playing.**

**Airport Girls** *
Although the sex is explicit, many of the people involved are amazingly unattractive. Very seedy, shoddy film with rotten directing.

**Angel Number 9** **½
A male chauvinist pig dies, goes to heaven, comes back to earth as a woman to see how the other sex lives. Good idea but a bit weak in the delivery.

**Anita, Swedish Nymphet** **
About teenage girl who can't say "no" until love conquers all. American porn loops edited in. Lots of blowjobs, but unattractive Swedes, except for heroine. Story's a bore.

**Anyone But My Husband** **½
Wife with cheating husband finds solace with other men. C. J. Laing out-Lovelaces Linda in the deep-throat department, taking 13½ inches. Sexy, explicit, humorous, and entertaining.

**Beyond Fulfillment** **½
Sometimes humorous, often tacky sexual vignettes strung together with the aid of a female narrator. Cocky John "Johnny Wadd" Holmes stars in one of them.

**Both Ways** **½
Honest attempt to deal with the subject of male bisexuality is often laughable in the wrong places. May be an eye-opener for some male viewers.

**Charity Ball** *½
Good idea bombs out. A woman and her friends take up whoring to help support an ailing church. Explicit sex in tedious script.

**Cheese** **½
A photographer gets involved with the women he photographs. Good performance by Sonny Landham, but needs livelier script. Erotic.

**China Girl*****
Exceptionally erotic orgy scenes help make up for tired espionage plot. A secret Oriental society attempts to steal secret information.

**Christie** *
Deception, blackmail, incest in a totally despicable family. The scriptwriter should be hung by his you-know-whats. Forget it.

**Confessions of an American Housewife****½
Mama comes to visit her daughter and finds the woman involved in wife-swapping, etc. One of the most enjoyable sex flicks around.

**Danish Pastries** ***
Explicit sex comedy, almost in the tradition of a French bedroom farce, involving a mix-up of love potions. Pleasant entertainment.

**Defiance** ***
A young girl is sexually brutalized by mental patients, but the worst is yet to come. Kinky sex for S&M types.

**Dirty Western** **½
Barbara "Pamela Mann" Bourbon fans might enjoy this view of the raunchy west, but it is far inferior to her earlier starring vehicle. Good idea bogged down by script.

**The Divine Obsession*****
Rare porn film in which sex is well integrated with story of a young actress (Julia Franklin) trying to break into show biz. Recommended for couples.

**Every Inch a Lady*****
How a business girl becomes a business woman in this humorous, sexy, and inventive tale of the behind-the-sex-for-sale scene. Stars Darby Lloyd Rains, Harry Reems, and Andrea True.

**Fireworks Woman*****
Excellent photography in a story that combines brother-sister incest, rape, sacrilege, sado-masochism, lesbianism, satanism, and a few other "isms."

**French Blue*****
Made Brigitte Maier a porno favorite. It's about the making of a porn film, with humorous vignettes to add more explicit spice.

**Fringe Benefits*****
Office morale is low until a young executive rams a few points home to the girls in the secretarial pool. Some laughs with explicit sex.

**Happy Days*****
A late 50's nostalgia trip makes for explicit and sometimes humorous entertainment. Makes the period seem hotter than it was.

**Heavy Load*****
A day in the life of a horny truckdriver with a stand-out performance by Andrea True as a waitress. Explicit, humorous, good photography.

**The Hottest Show in Town*****½
Traditional circus acts with explicit sex added. Though some of the photography is too dark, one of the most imaginative flicks we've seen yet.

**The Life and Times of Xaviera Hollander*****
Samantha McLaren has a field day portraying the happy hooker in a number of imaginative, sexually explicit scenes.

**The Lost Innocence of Valerie*****
A 15-year-old orphan is repeatedly adopted by people with questionable (and usually erotic) motives. Good, turn-on photography and amusing storyline, but needs an ending.

*(Continued on page 56)*

# Letters to INTER COURSE the Editor

You have an excellent magazine and I am buying issues regularly. However, I would like to suggest that if at all possible, could you cover more movies in your reviews and ratings? Many people go to lesser known films and so we would appreciate more reviews and ratings.

P. W.
East Lansing, Mich.

*I am trying to expand the guide to blue movies in each new issue, but I realize that it is far from complete. There is so much "quickie" porn around, and a lot of it never reaches New York, or when it does, plays unbilled at grindhouses. Since the magazine is not very large, I intentionally try to cover the more substantial X-rated films in my reviews. It would be a monumental (and I might add, boring) task to cover everything. It would also be impossible since I lack a staff to help me with it. Therefore, I would appreciate comments concerning lesser known films from my readers—for my edification and for the edification of other readers.*

*But I do have some good news. Due to the success of* Flick, *the publishers are expanding the magazine from six issues a year to nine issues a year. Thus, our regular readers will soon be able to have about fifty films reviewed in depth annually.*

**I am curious to know how much actors and actresses get paid for working in blue movies.**

**Also, I was wondering why your magazine doesn't cover interracial hard-core films.**

R. S. B.
St. Louis, Mo.

*Several years ago Harry Reems and others attempted to unionize porn performers, who were really getting ripped off in the pay department. The price agreed upon was $125 a day and many actors and actresses insist upon that figure. Some agree to work for $75 for half a day's shooting, while others demand—and sometimes get—a much higher figure, often around the $200 mark.*

*As for your second question, when a major hard-core film has interracial sex in it and we are able to get good photos and transparencies, we use them. We have recently run a number of films featuring Oriental women and several with blacks. However, it does seem that there are many more whites appearing in porn than blacks. Perhaps any filmmakers reading this may bear this in mind the next time they're casting a film. Come to think about it, Johnnie Keys is the only black actor with a well-known name in porn.*

**Could you assist me in obtaining photos from a movie I saw several years ago called "Orgy of the Dead?"**

S. C. M.
Winnsboro, Texas

*We don't give away or sell photos from any movies. Also, I am not acquainted with the particular film you mention. However, if anyone reading this can assist you, he or she can write to me and I'll be happy to pass the information on to you.*

Do you know any filmmakers or agents who handle erotic screenplays? I've written one with plenty of sex, action, and a good plot. It would be different from all the other erotic movies.

D. R. N.
Marion, Indiana

*Many porn filmmakers write their own scripts—and usually not very well. When they do buy scripts from other people, the amount of pay the writers get is seldom worth the time and effort that went into the writing. If any filmmakers reading this would like to see your script, he can get in touch with me and I'll give him your name and address. That's all I can do.*

**Please try to hurry your trend toward a free, unrestrained, unexpurgated look at open cinema today. Good luck and I hope—for me—good viewing and reading.**

B. S. M.
Corner Brook, Nfld.

**I'm into astrology and would like to know the astrological signs of both Harry Reems and Jamie Gillis.**

R. M. A.
New York, N.Y.

*I'm sure they'll correct me if I'm wrong, but I believe they're both Taureans.*

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**If you have a question or opinion relating to erotic movies, send it to Editor, FLICK, M. F. Enterprises, 257 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10010. Names will not be used unless you request otherwise.**

# A HISTORY OF

**From a smouldering vamp to a flaming fellatrix, sex on film has always been with us.**

**By FRANK KOLAR**

☐ *Deep Throat* and its sundry sisters pulled out all stops in depicting eroticism on the screen. Box office bells rang merrily, and although legal hassles ensued, the battle for prurience pitched on.

It hardly mattered that movies of that genre seldom got reviewed, or were even slapped with an "X" by the rating board—producers or distributors gleefully tacked on their own manufactured "X" and let the curious queue up.

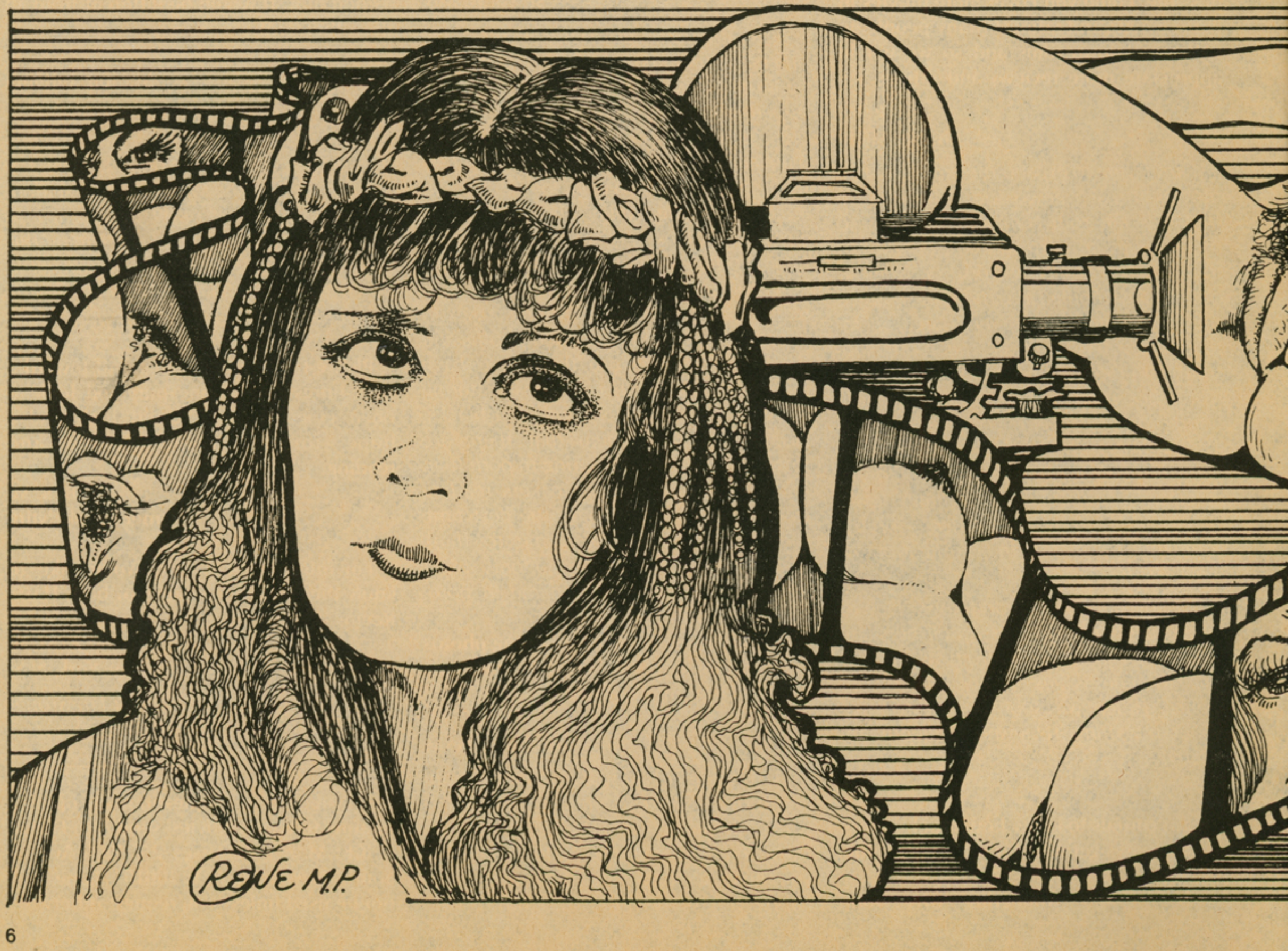
While today's candor is unprecedented, the ploys are old stuff to the exploiters of the sensationally sexy. The game was long geared for the gullible (and often disgruntled)—and once in a rare while the producers almost delivered. It depended on the cultural climate of the time and the place. (And its history has been an inexorable one.)

Cinema's early fumbling attempts offered such gaucheries as the outrageous histrionics of the screen's first "vamp"—Theda Bara. But she was something new to movie audiences—exotic make-up, dark, smoldering eyes, long, waist-length black hair. (On occasion her nipples protruded prominently through her flimsy attire.)

She was the predatory female, and in the movie that launched her screen image—*A Fool There Was* (1915)—she uttered her deathless, "Kiss me, my fool!" Her whole aura exuded lust, until she drove some poor, dimwitted male to his doom.

Although she made some 40 films from 1915 to 1918—such typical vehicles as *The She-Devil* and *The Vixen*—her vogue was brief. Sex was her total arsenal, but her posturing was so unreal that it posed no real threat to those in the darkened audience. Her roles were so unvaried that audiences soon began sniggering—her ersatz sex turned the guys off, not on. It was a career mercifully meteoric, as the moral climate (and acting styles) shifted into a new gear.

But in 1918 adultery was still a most titillating subject. And Cecil B. DeMille—later the impresario of multi-million dollar Biblical spectacles—easily recognized this. He made a series of flicks about modern morality that spent plenty of time in bedrooms and bathrooms, particularly the latter, giving the director ample opportunity to show the heroine in



# THE CINEMA

the bath, seemingly undraped, camera angles shrewdly deployed.

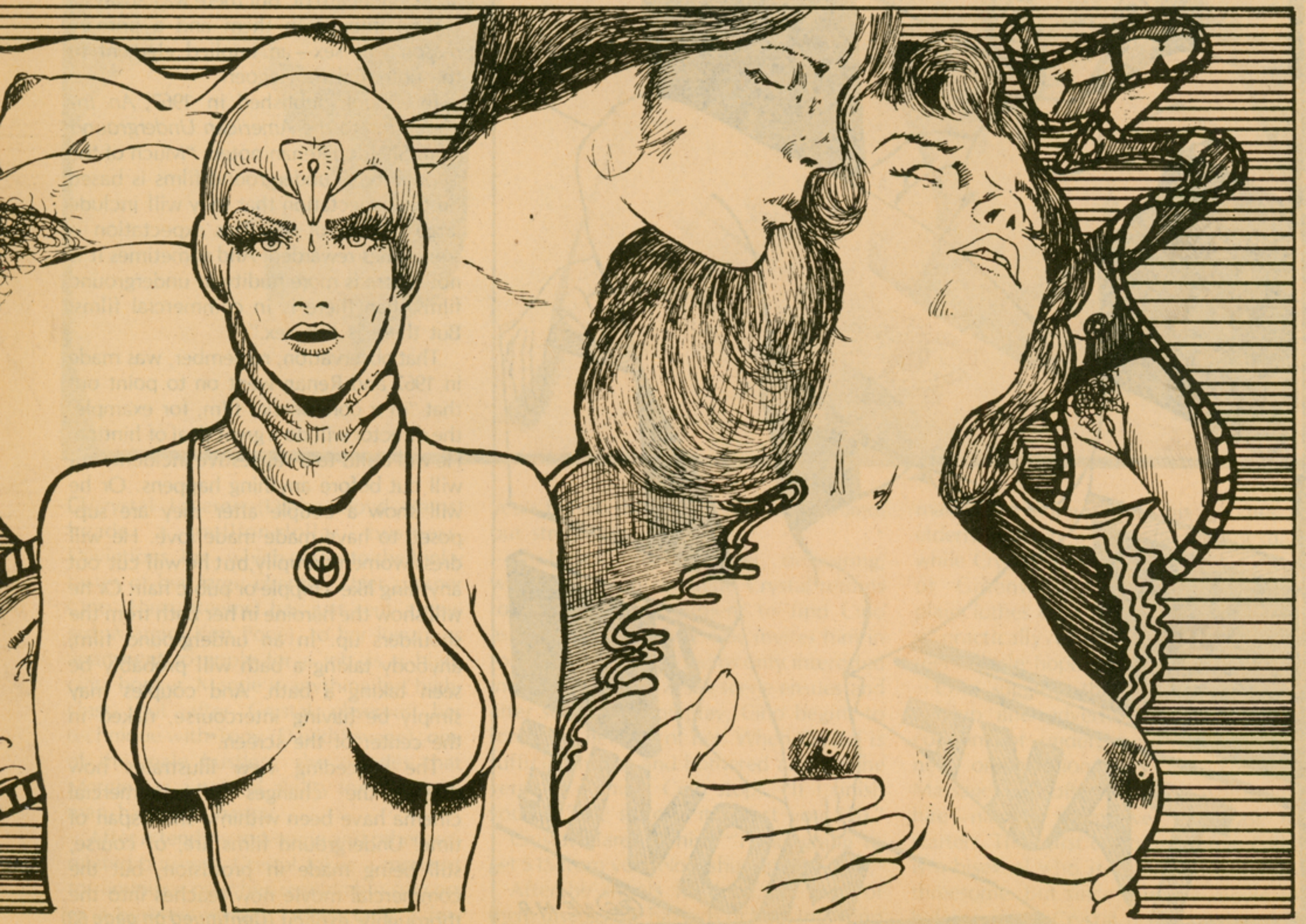
DeMille milked everything he could out of exploiting sex, even to the point of including milk baths. His first success in this area was 1918's *Old Wives For New*—a so-called exploration of adultery. There had been doubts about the story content by the financial backers, but DeMille was confident the public would go for it. In his autobiography, he wrote:

"I took a print of the picture to a theater in a small town near Los Angeles late one afternoon and asked the manager to put it on the screen, no announcement, no rental, either. I just wanted to see how it would play. It had not been playing long when people began to get up and go out to telephone their friends to hurry down to see it. Husbands particularly, I was told, telephoned wives to come down, let supper go, but come down to see 'Old Wives For New.' When the screening was finished, there was so much new audience that the manager had to screen it again. He was still screening it well after midnight. When I reported that to New York, opposition crumbled."

The public, apparently, clamored for more, although there was plenty of blue-nosed griping about his subject matter. Undaunted, he filmed such entries as *Male and Female* (1919), *Forbidden Fruit* (1920), *Fool's Pradise* (1922), etc. The themes revolved around adultery, although the miscreant usually returned to the original mate at film's end. Wiser, perhaps, but not necessarily sadder. (Eventually, DeMille turned to the bible—there were plenty of sex angles there, and the belabored moralizing cloaked the orgies in quasi-respectability.)

DeMille had competition from that "decadent" Prussian and sometimes genius, Erich Von Stroheim (The Man You Love To Hate, as he was once billed). Later famous for directing *Greed,* he made *Blind Husbands* in 1918—an adulterous romp that was then considered shockingly realistic. Stroheim, of course, zeroed in on the discontented wife who sought sexual satisfaction elsewhere. And, sure enough, the torrid theme raised the shackles on the self-styled guardians of the nation's morals.

Then there were those desert epics of the 1920's, starring Rudolph Valentino, fiery-eyed and seething with passion. As a "sheik" he abducted some terrified broad and whisked her off to his tent. After the initial struggle, the girl surrendered completely, to the titillation of audiences. Unquestionably, Rudy had the



# A HISTORY OF THE SINEMA

girls fantasizing up a wild storm in the darkness of the theatre.

Elinor Glyn was the novelist who coined the word, "It," and she created a sensation with her 1907 novel, *Three Weeks*. It was eventually adapted for the silver screen in 1924, and it told the story of a young queen who runs off to spend an idyllic and passion-filled three weeks with a commoner. The theatrics of sex reached ludicrous heights—they made love on a bed of roses, and later on tiger skins. Eventually satiated, she returns to the royal court, her fling having been flung.

But Glyn would continue to crank out sex fantasies, and Clara Bow became her heroine in the flaky flapper age—the "It" girl who danced all night in a series of films dealing with flaming youth. In the plots the partying went on until dawn, with some participants stripping down to their modest underwear. All quite heady for the time.

If Clara Bow was innocently wild and delivered little, Greta Garbo was cold and aloof, but everybody knew it was a facade, and the right guy would soon batter down the barriers. The dissolving exterior would flame into uninhibited passion in such movies as *The Flesh and the Devil,* and John Gilbert often had the envious assignment of melting the iceberg.

Movies soon entered the sound era and the advent of the sex spoofers—and the blondes—Jean Harlow and Mae West. Harlow's suggestive demeanor and attire and West's hilariously blatant approach to sex thoroughly alarmed some vociferous types, and the movie censorship code was tightened. And Hollywood entered an era of timid suggestion, shackled by the code.

In the 1930's, though, Europe's cinematic vision was less impaired and more voyeuristic. In 1933 the Czech director, Gustav Machaty, made the Hedy Lamarr starrer, *Ecstasy*. For many years this film played the larger U.S. cities, riding the tide of its vaunted notoriety. There is the famous nude scene, of course, as she swims in a stream, after running nude through a woods. She is later seduced, and the camera records a series of close-ups of her face, as she is apparently experiencing orgasm.

*Ecstasy* was one of the very first "sex films," and was exploited as such as often as possible. But Hollywood could not dare dabble in these areas during the next few decades, so they learned how to adroitly skirt the issue, slyly suggesting, showing nothing. (Besides, their more traditional output was a most lucrative field anyhow.)

Still, there was a much less affluent element at work. The so-called "underground film" has been around for some time, and today there is an impressive library of these films. Mostly these were personal statements and were largely unheard of. But there was always a certain interest in them and a primary reason was sex—an implied element to the potential moviegoer.

In a book published in 1967, *An Introduction to the American Underground Film,* Sheldon Renan noted: "Much of the popularity of underground films is based on the expectation that they will include large dollops of sex. This expectation is sometimes rewarded. And sometimes it is not. There is more nudity in underground films than there is in commercial films. But there is less sex."

That observation, remember, was made in 1967 and Renan went on to point out that "in a commercial film, for example, the director will do a great deal of hinting. He will build to a suggestive incident, but will cut before anything happens. Or he will show a couple after they are supposed to have made made love. He will dress women skimpily,but he will cut out anything like a nipple or pubic hair. Or he will show the heroine in her bath from the shoulders up. In an underground film, anybody taking a bath will probably be seen taking a bath. And couples may simply be having intercourse, naked in the center of the screen."

The preceding view illustrates how drastic the changes in commercial cinema have been within a short span of time. Underground films are, of course, still being made in profusion, but the commercial movie now reaches into the thoroughly explicit.*(Continued on page 63)*

# every INCH a LADY

**The story of a businesswoman who gives the men in her life the business.**

□ Crystal Laverne (Darby Lloyd Rains) heads a million-dollar business, Deviations, Inc., which caters to the kinky tastes of her large clientele. Her partner Cino (Harry Reems) has just sent a new girl, Margie (Kim Pope), to her luxurious apartment to apply for a job as a high-class hooker. Margie is anything but high-class, but after Crystal observes her technique with Tony (David Savage), one of the male hustlers, she decides that Margie has a natural ability for making a man hard and happy.

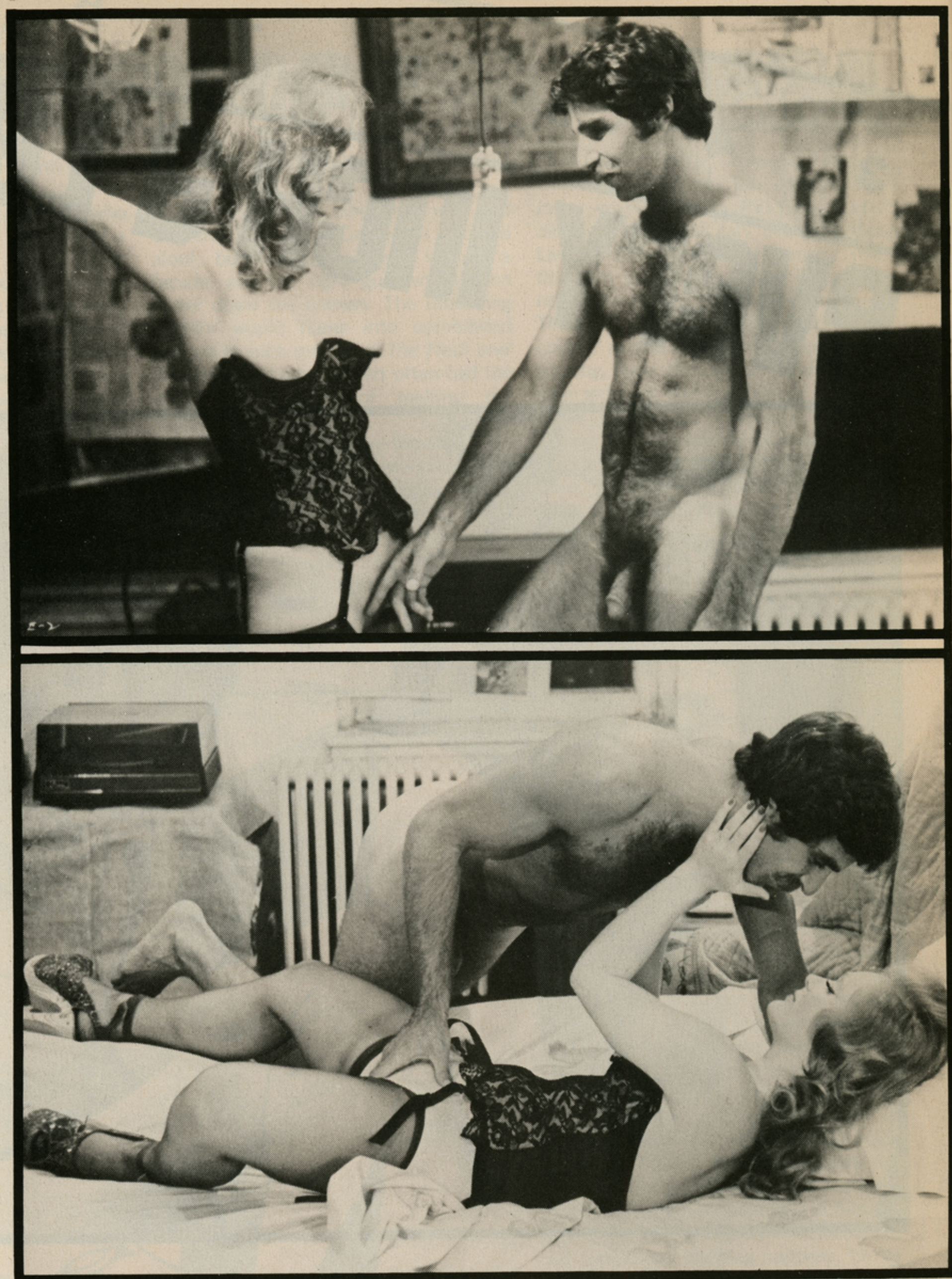
After attending to Margie and other sex-related business, Crystal takes a moment to reminisce over her remarkable success as a businesswoman, when only a few years before she herself was a down-and-out streetwalker.

Flashback time. Younger, despairing, without a "john" in sight, Crystal returns to her crumby apartment to find Cino asleep in her doorway. She invites him in for a drink, but Cino seems only interested in her love juices. A sex scene ensues and after some oral foreplay, Cino begins to screw the hell out of her. When Crystal is sufficiently hot and bothered and on the verge of coming, Cino stops. "If I finish you off," he states, "it'll cost you $20."

Crystal glares at him. "I was going to get $15 from you. Now shut up and fuck."

After he shoots his load, the two of them discuss the hazards of hooking. Cino makes his living selling his goodies to elderly women and male homosexuals, while Crystal tries her luck on the streets of Greenwich Village. What with plainclothes cops and inflation, business is practically at a standstill and there seems little hope of improvement.

Cino suggests that they form a partnership and advertise in the personal columns of underground papers. Their new organization, Crystal's European Massage, will offer men and women for hire—namely themselves, at least for starters. Their first customer (Jamie Gillis) is a bisexual who is willing to pay for a threesome. But since this is a movie for heterosexuals, Crystal becomes the main



*Crystal (Darby Lloyd Rains) and Cino (Harry Reems) are two happy hustlers who make the mistake of hustling each other.*

focus of the two men. The customer jerks off while Cino fucks Crystal. For a bit of token homosexuality, the customer pulls a string of beads (which Crystal has inserted) from Cino's asshole as Cino comes. And to reciprocate, Cino shoves a carrot up the customer's ass while he's fucking Crystal. Hmmm. Is this what bisexuality is all about?

At any rate, Crystal and Cino are soon getting more business than they can cope with alone, so they set about increasing their stable of whores and studs.

Crystal calls her friend Lois (Erica Eaton) and puts her to work with an opera buff, Mr. Morrison (Marc Stevens). In one of the movie's better comedy scenes, Mr. Morrison fucks Lois while they listen to Wagner overtures and she reads pornographic passages from a sex novel to him. So much for culture—French and Greek as well as German. Crystal later assures Lois on the phone that her performance was so lively, she has a full opera season in store for her.

Meanwhile, Cino sets about recruiting men in Central Park and Crystal sets about seducing her grocery delivery boy, the aforementioned Tony. Although Tony is only seventeen he demonstrates a natural ability for cunnilingus. Crystal reciprocates by sucking him off, and as he gleefully squirts his load, she decides that he is destined to become one of her hottest studs.

Soon business is booming, money is pouring in, Crystal's prudish landlady is beginning to get suspicious, and it is time to open up a new office in a lush new midtown building.

Crystal is working her ass off to make her clients happy when a young man, Mr. Joe Blow (Dr. Infinity), enters her office to apply for work. Crystal is too busy chatting on the phone with Long Island

*With the aid of Tony (David Savage), Crystal gives Margie (Kim Pope) a fuckability test.*

socialite Babs Tishman to notice him. Babs is planning a lawn party and needs a really spectacular sex scenario to awaken her jaded guests. While Crystal tries to think of an original idea, Mr. Blow takes off his clothes, jumps on a desk and screws himself with a cucumber as he sucks himself off to orgasm. Crystal is amazed and delighted by this performance. "My dear," she coos, "you're going to be the *star* of Babs Tishman's lawn party." A fellow worker, chancing upon Mr. Blow's improvised performance, accurately sums it up: "Now *that's* entertainment."

Well, obviously, Crystal's hands are full of business and a few cocks, but she still has time to sleep with Cino. In fact, she has fallen in love with him and believes that he loves her. The fact that they both have sex with other people doesn't bother her, as long as she feels that he is emotionally involved with her.

Then one day she finds a note in his pocket from someone named "Magpie" and begins to suspect that he may have another chick on the side. She confronts him with her discovery, and he informs her that "Magpie" is his younger brother's nickname and that she, Crystal, is the only one he loves. In fact, he presents her with an engagement ring, and the two of them make plans for a large wedding.

Meanwhile, Crystal changes the name of her business to Deviations, Inc. when she realizes most of her clients are into kinky sex and are willing to pay a lot for it.

Her business is flourishing, due in part to the financial knowhow of her frowsy lesbian secretary-bookkeeper, Edna (Andrea True). Edna is apparently jealous of Cino since she herself professes to love Crystal. But Crystal informs Edna that the marriage will not change anything, that

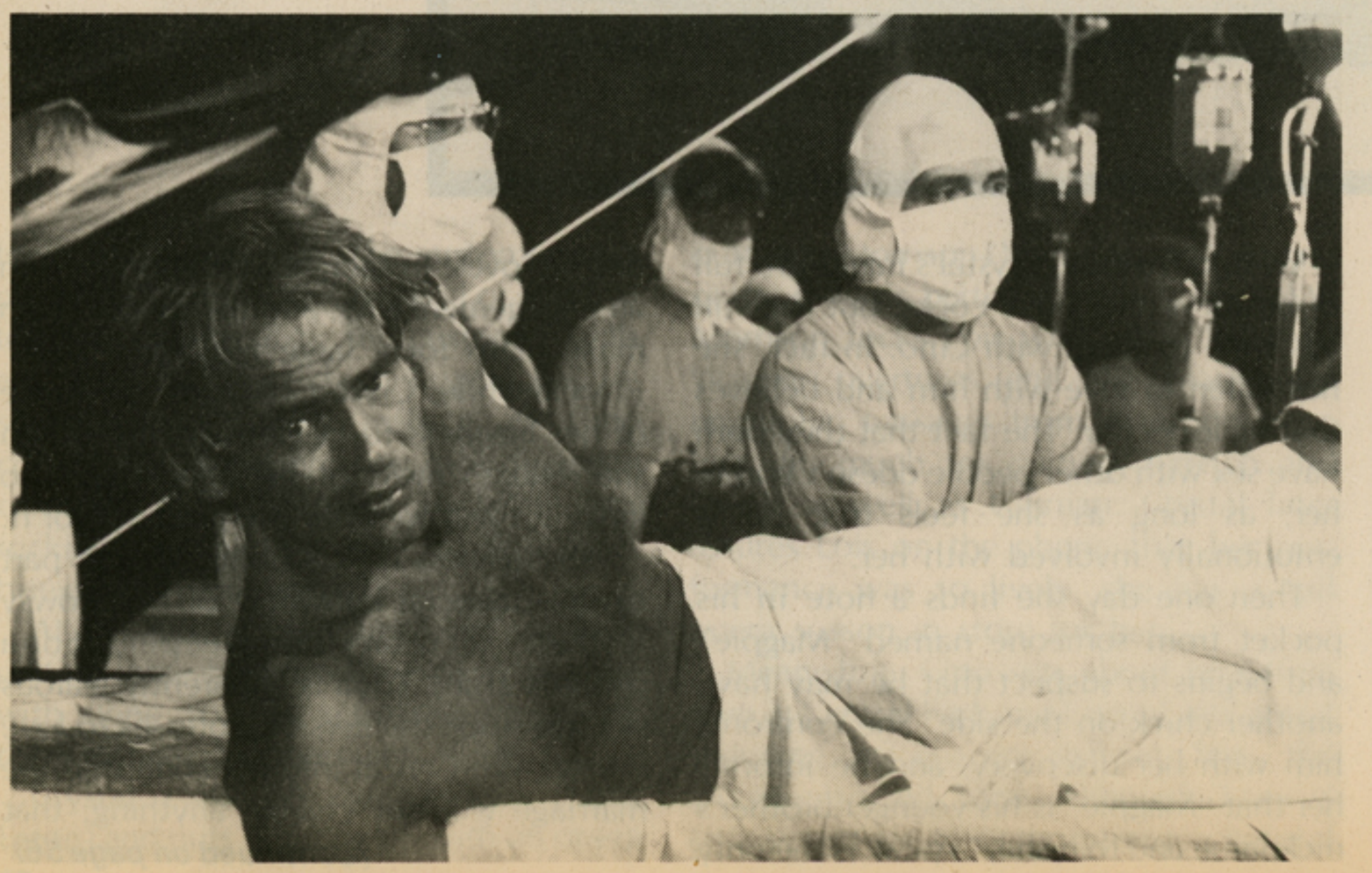
*(Continued on page 56)*

# WHY 2 SCIENTISTS SCREW ON SCREEN:

# AL LEVITSKY, Biologist

"It's nice to get paid for doing something that most guys have to pay to do."

Al plays an ever-horny medic in M*A*S*H*'D



☐ When Al Levitsky tells you he's going to be a star, his self-confidence is such that it would be madness to argue the point. But why argue anyway? After sitting through *The Taking of Christina* (reviewed in the next issue of *Flick*), one can easily observe that Al's acting talents put him miles ahead of other porn actors and actresses. In short, if anyone can progress from porn to "legitimate" films, our bets are heavily placed on Al.

The story of the ugly duckling who found a new identity as a swan could have been written with Al in mind. And like the ugly ducking, the swan inside Al was always there, waiting for recognition. From a fat, painfully shy kid to one of the best-looking actors in erotic films, Al is an example of a man who had a dream and the guts to follow it.

**Flick:** What prompted you to become an actor? How did it all start?

**Al:** I wanted to be a hero—all my life. You see, I was a very fat kid and I lived in a shell all my life. I was extremely shy, extremely—God, I never even went on a date until I was 20 years old. That's how bad it was. So I missed the whole adolescent training period. I guess between 20 and 27 I had *my* adolescence. Learning how to date and talk to girls and how to deal with someone on a one-to-one basis.

Anyway, even when I was a little kid I felt there was something special about me, something different, that I was being prepared for something. I didn't know then how it would come about but the desire was there to be famous, to be a star.

**Flick:** It's difficult to understand how you broke out of that shell.

**Al:** It's difficult for me to understand even. It's like I am now the person who was always trapped inside. But nobody ever took the interest or took the time to try to understand who I was, why I was the way I was. I never had any friends growing up because I never could open up to people, never trust people because I was too easily hurt. I was always emotional and sensitive and felt things very strongly—which made me go further into this fat shell. So I just lived in this little world I built up around myself. I surrounded myself with things that could help me escape from reality—such as music. I was very heavily into jazz for about 15 years of my growing up. I used to take the record player down to the basement—just to be alone—and then I'd put my head between the speakers. That's how I would escape. Lock myself in a room and just be alone.

**Flick:** So the beginning of your interest in the arts started with music?

**Al:** Yes. I was a trumpet player and I wanted to be a musician. Be a star that way. And one time I even wanted to be a football player, anything that would make me famous, give me the adulation I needed because I never had any adulation as a kid. I never had it from anybody.

**Flick:** Has body building helped give you self-confidence?

**Al:** My God, yes. It's a major part of my life. Aside from acting ability, it's very important in this business how you look. You can't slack off on any part of yourself. That's one reason for it. Today, because of my past, it's a big thing with me to be admired physically. That's because I hated myself so much as a kid. My childhood was so fucking painful. Many nights I would go to sleep crying. I used to have a prayer that I would die, that I would not wake up the next day. I used to pray, let me sleep, let it end. Today I've

become the other extreme. I'm fanatical about life now.

**Flick:** Instead of becoming a musician or actor, you originally became a teacher.

**Al:** Right, and I became the star of my classroom. I was a biology and chemistry teacher for five years. A junior high school in a low economic area in South Philadelphia—that's where I taught. During the first year I got out of the shyness, the original shyness and I really got into teaching. And then about my third or fourth year I started doing more *schtick* in the classroom than I was doing actual science material. Bill Cosby was from Philly and he was big then. I had all his monologues memorized. My class got to be half an hour of monologue and fifteen minutes of science.

**Flick:** That sounds like an actor in the making.

**Al:** I really dug having these little captive audiences and being able to make them laugh.

**Flick:** Why did you become disillusioned with teaching?

**Al:** Teachers. I loved teaching. I was a great teacher and I loved the kids, loved dealing with them. But I, couldn't stand the other teachers, couldn't stand being with them, looking at them. They despised the kids, despised the job, despised the city, despised everything.

**In** The Taking of Christina, **Al and buddy Eric Edwards kidnap and sexually abuse Bree Anthony.**

After five years, I knew that there was more in life than being a tired old school teacher.

I believe we *are* here for a purpose and it's our duty to find out what that purpose is. Sometimes we find out through a roundabout way. I had to spend those years teaching before I could find out why I was born a man, a human being instead of a chair or an oaktree. When I left school and told them my plans to be an actor, everyone of the 65 teachers came up to me at one time or another and said, "Al, I think it's fabulous what you're doing. I wish I could be doing it." Everybody's got a dream, but they don't have the guts to follow it or they get hooked into a rut too early. I mean, they get married or into a family situation and they never have a chance to find themselves.

**Flick:** When did you know difinitely you would become an actor?

**Al:** I was working as a waiter in an Atlantic City club. That was the summer of '70 after my fifth year of teaching. Drag shows were in vogue then and I got to be friends with some of the actors, but even then I didn't know what I wanted to do.

*(Continued on page 57)*

# WHY 2 SCIENTISTS SCREW ON SCREEN:

# TUPPY OWENS, Zoologist

**"I had this picture in my mind of coming to America, standing on a street corner and being jerked off over."**

□ One of the stars of the sensational *Sensations* is Englishwoman Tuppy Owens, whose first love was zoology. Perhaps some of her interest in science was inspired by a zoologist boyfriend, with whom she lost her cherry at age 17. She was in Africa at the time, helping her boyfriend and two other male scientists in the game surveys. That was until the authorities in Tanganyika ordered her to leave. They seemed to feel that a teenaged girl living in the bush with three scientists was immoral.

Back in England she studied zoology at Exeter University, where she obtained a Bachelor of Science degree. She started doing research in the field, but in her words; "I wasn't really top-notch physically. So I took an office job and after three years I was still an assistant to this bloke who organized meetings to discuss research and it wasn't really leading anywhere."

So what was a nice girl to do? She set up a company with her boyfriend and began selling pornography. She was soon inspired to write and photograph a book of her own called *Sexual Harmony*, which sold half a million copies in England. This was followed by a number of other books, including a yearly edition of a little volume called *Sex Maniac's Diary*, another best seller.

When she came to New York in May of last year, after portraying Lady Pamela in *Sensations*, she was interviewed on *Midnight Blue*, an erotic cable television show. Tuppy raised more than a few eyebrows when she proceeded to give head to the cameraman—on the air!

But Tuppy, as you will see, enjoys having sex in public places. She is also intrigued by the idea of having millions of men jerking off while they watch her at her pornographic best. And her role in *Sensations* could wake up the most tired of men and turn her erotic dream into X-rated reality.

**Flick:** *Sensations* was your first full-length hard-core film, wasn't it? What prompted you to agree to be in it?

**Tuppy:** I was totally fascinated by the idea. Very enthusiastic, and it seemed like a crazy thing to do. It was also a form of sexual expression I thought would work. I have tried to express myself erotically in lots of different areas. I love variety in my life and I love eroticism, so to mix everything I like with eroticism is what I enjoy doing. The film was also great fun for me because before it I had spent about five years running my own company: publishing, driving lorries, being on the phone all day making deals and things like that. To actually be told what to do and to be treated like a—a lady—well, it was a really big treat. Also, I've been pretty up-front with most of the sexual

things I've ever done—and written about.

**Flick:** When you first arrived in America, you raised a few eyebrows by appearing on Al Goldstein's cable TV show and going down on the cameraman. How did that come about?

**Tuppy:** Well, he asked me to go down on him, and I thought it was rather a nice proposition. However, my face went quite pale, then I blushed and looked the other way After having gone through all those reactions, I thought the least I could do was to suck him. It was very good.

**Flick:** What's your favorite sex act?

**Tuppy:** Well, I'm pretty normal. I like fucking and sucking . . . buggering. I don't actually like sado-masochism very much. I don't mind a bit of it, but I don't like ritual whippings. I'm a bit off on that. In fact, whipping that cock in the film went against the grain somehow.

**Flick:** Will *Sensations* be shown in England?

**Tuppy:** No, not at all. The private clubs where porn is shown were all raided a short time ago. Besides, the films they were showing were all silent. Loops are incredibly boring anyway. They're horrible because they're so predictable. You know that everybody is going to fuck everybody. I'm not really interested. Once you see the performers with their clothes

**"I like being used as a sexual object; it's jolly good."**

off and their mouths open and cunts open, you might as well get on to the next one. And the people in them certainly don't screw very well.

**Flick:** So you feel that viewers should be somehow emotionally involved with characters in a porn film?

**Tuppy:** You mean actually involved with one of the fuckers? Yes. I adored Georgina Spelvin in *The Devil in Miss Jones*. I identified with her very strongly and I thought she was very sexy. Very physical.

**Flick:** Are you into lesbianism at all?

**Tuppy:** No. It turns me on in films, yes. But I don't like doing it.

**Flick:** You lack the courage of your convictions—or your fantasies?

**Tuppy:** I don't like the feel of women very much, and I actually don't like women as objects at all. For guys I'd do anything—if I liked them. I'd really go to a lot of trouble to give them a good blowjob or whatever. But as for women, I don't have the desire to touch them or make that effort. And feeling them is quite horrible to me. That softness makes me absolutely cringe. But I love watching them fuck together.

**Flick:** How did you lose your virginity and when?

**Tuppy:** There was this lovely bloke who'd gone to Africa to do scientific research. He invited me over, so I went. There I was, lying underneath a mosquito net in my white negligee. And he spent two weeks trying to get in. Actually, he had tried to get in before—when we were both back in England—so I was half a virgin for about six months. I was about 17, had a tough hymen, and the whole experience was very traumatic and painful—painful for me and traumatic for him. At least during the two weeks he worked at breaking through, I learned how to open my lungs sexually. Most of the African village knew about my deflowering. I didn't understand Swahili, but I learned that the people used to have long discussions on my virginity—whether or not I still had it.

**Flick:** What about medical doctors?

**Tuppy:** Well, there weren't any doctors around for about five hundred miles, and my boyfriend himself was getting ready to take a knife to me.

**Flick:** I understand you lost your anal virginity only recently.

**Tuppy:** Most guys just don't try, do they? I'm a little girl, right, and they didn't want to cause pain so they stopped. But when it happened, it was a matter of my lover getting off on aggression. He actually forced me to do it.

**Flick:** What would you like to do sexually you haven't yet done?

**Tuppy:** I haven't come solely as a result of nipple stimulation yet. But I'm hoping to master that. I think it's a matter of the association of ideas.

**Flick:** Do you have any favorite sexual

*(Continued on page 59)*

*Tuppy drops trou as "Lady Pamela" in Sensations.*

# THE STORY OF JOANNA

**She learned to love—and to kill . . .**

□ *The Story of Joanna* was written, produced and directed by Gerard Damiano, who, as a result of his prior successes, is in a position to make a breakthrough in porn fare. Well, he has made the attempt, and whether or not his latest film will be a financial success depends upon potential movie-goers.

Jason (Jamie Gillis) is rich, decadent, jaded and bored. He has had the time and means to live life as he has pleased and now has reached a stage when the only unsampled thrill left for him is death—his own. And what better way to die than at the hands of someone who loves him.

Enter Joanna: sweet, innocent, fawning as a bitch, and totally giving in her love. To Jason, Joanna (Terri Hall) is a perfect subject for the fulfillment of his perverse and lethal desire. But first he must teach her about the pleasures of the senses, about blind obedience, about pain and humiliation. He must lead her through the depths of hell before she is psychologically ready to send him to heaven—or at least, an early grave.

Although their relationship is a sado-masochistic one, the film offers no insights into either sadism or masochism. These are simply psychological qualities of the characters involved that viewers must accept without explanation.

Joanna wants the privilege of loving Jason, which he grants her—but in his fashion and in his own time. She hopes that their first sexual encounter will be lush and romantic. He, in turn, prefers to be crude and to humiliate her. After a sumptuous dinner, he asks—or more precisely, commands—her to lift her dress and bend over, whereupon he pulls out his cock and shoves it into her fine rear. "Please, Jason, not here. Not like this," she screams. "Not *there*!" (meaning her hiney hole). But after a few firm thrusts, Joanna coos, "Yes, yes, yes, Jason!"

Joanna is a talented dancer, and Jason asks that she perform for him. With the aid of a fellow artiste (Steven Lark), a sensuous nude ballet is performed. Well, it's almost nude except that both dancers wear what looks like a combination G-string and feather duster.

Later, after a stroll through one of the estate gardens, Joanna tells Jason, "I want to give you love. I don't know how. Teach me."

Ever helpful, Jason tells her to say that she's a cunt. Just a cunt and a cocksucker. A hole to give him—and his friends—pleasure. Well, it's his game and Joanna willingly plays by the rules he establishes.

In order to humiliate her further, our hero arranges an orgy in which Joanna services three of his male friends at one time—while Jason watches, of course. Joanne dutifully sucks one, gets screwed in the ass by another and fucked in the cunt by the third—all at the same time, natch. While this sex act takes place, a song is playing on the soundtrack with

*Joanna shares the pleasures of her ass.*

Griffin, courteous and docile, apologizes for his intrusion and prepares to depart, but Joanna, already in a state of sexual arousal from dreaming about a night with Jason, asks him to stay. With the customary (and erotically filmed) cunt lapping, cock sucking, nipple pinching, reaming and tit tickling, the two manage to make the most of the situation.

The next scene finds Joanna tied up in a room filled with mirrors. Jason is industriously whipping her, and she mistakenly believes that this is his means of punishing her for sleeping with Griffin. On the contrary. "This isn't punishment for infidelity," he coolly informs her. "This is another lesson in pleasure."

After the whipping, Gena, obedient to her master's wishes, proceeds to screw Joanna with the whip handle. Later, when the two women are alone, Gena gently washes the blood from Joanna's body and applies her lips to the wounds. She also applies her lips to more erogenous areas of Joanna's anatomy. Joanna, appreciative of the kindness, reciprocates by licking Gena's clit. "You taste so wonderful, so warm, moist," she informs the servant girl.

Jason, true to form, continues with Joanna's obedience training. After chaining and collaring the girl, he instructs her to suck his cock and the cocks of his three male friends. She deep-throats lines such as, "It is always the same—pleasure leading to shame. But who is to blame?" (Dig that subtlety.)

That night, asleep in her room, Joanna dreams that a multitude of male hands are caressing her, stroking her, fist-fucking her, pinching her. She awakes in a cold sweat, or more precisely a hot sweat. Jason's maid, Gena (Juliet Graham), is kind and comforting, and one gets the distinct feeling a lesbian scene may soon be in the offing.

Joanna, still confused by Jason's sexual esthetics, is informed by her hero that "My cock is impartial. It can be a man, a woman, an animal—even you, my little one." Since Joanna has been craving Jason's cock since their first evening together, he promises to come to her bedroom that same night.

After a long and elaborate toilette to prepare for her lover's arrival, she is angry and frustrated when he sends his manservant Griffin (Zebedy Colt) to ravish her in his place. She has turned herself into a little obedient whore on Jason's account and for what? "Every hole I have has been used," she screams at Griffin. "What's *your* specialty? Ground glass in my douche?"

*Joanna has sex with one of Jason's friends as a part of her regular routine.*

*Joanna dreams of being the object of all men's lust.*

*To complete Joanna's humiliation, Griffin (Zebedy Colt) is ordered to shave her twat and crop her long hair.*

*Joanna dances for Jason's entertainment.*

*Jason and his maid (Juliet Graham) give Joanna a lesson in pain.*

like an expert and everyone is satiated by her oral technique.

The following day Jason is contemplating his own death at the hands of Joanna while Griffin gives him a massage and rubdown. "Can I relax you?" Griffin asks. His master agrees, and Griffin proceeds to suck Jason's cock.

The preparation for the big day—the day of Jason's last thrill—is at hand. To complete Joanna's humiliation (and to provide a psychological climate for mourning before the actual time of death), Griffin is instructed to remove Joanna's hair. He starts out by shaving and powdering her pussy. Next he takes a scissors and slices off four years' growth of her lustrous dark hair, while she quietly cries her eyes out. After this symbolic purification, Jason presents her with a present—a dueling pistol. "A small gift in token of your useless existence," he informs her. Submissively, Joanna cocks the pistol and puts it to her head. If Jason wants her to sacrifice her life, she is psychologically primed to do it. But she misunderstands. Silently he takes her hand and aims the pistol into his own mouth and then presses her fingers against the trigger.

A shower of blood sprays a nearby statue as the gun goes off. Griffin runs into the room. "What happened?" he asks.

Joanna calmly replies, "Nothing. It was an accident."

"Shall I call the police?"

"No, they'll only ask silly questions." (Laughter from the screening room audience at this point.) "Just remove *that*."

"That," of course, refers to Jason's corpse, lying in a pool of blood, his brains realistically popping out of the back of his head. (The screening room audience is now making collective sounds of revulsion, and this reviewer is wondering at what slaughter house or butcher shop Mr. Damiano purchased calf or cow's brains.)

"And Griffin," Joanna states, as a closing line to the film, "dinner will be served at the usual hour." (Laughter once more from the screening room audience. What is meant as an ultimate shock has backfired. The callousness of a line delivered by an actress whose acting abilities are limited becomes ludicrous. But to give Miss Hall some credit, Glenda Jackson could not have made the irony intended for this scene work.)

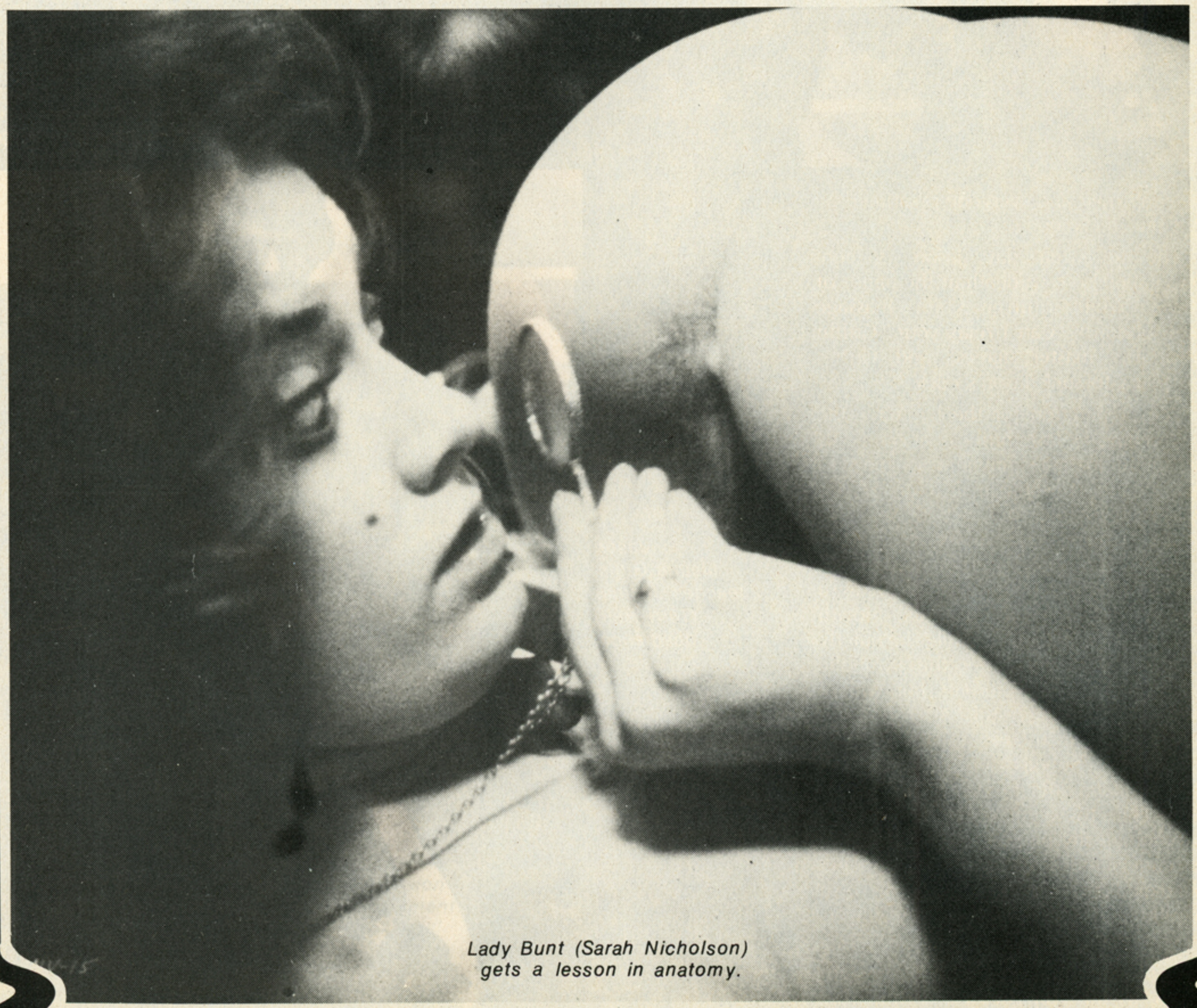
In this reviewer's humble opinion, *The Story of Joanna* is a failure, an interesting failure, yes. I believe part of the problem is related to Damiano's closeness to his subject matter in the capacity of writer, director and producer. Sometimes it is

*(Continued on page 66)*

*Jason (Jamie Gillis) teaches Joanna (Terri Hall) obedience.*

# THE NAUGHTY VICTORIANS

**A film for those who believe that sex was meant to be fun . . .**



*Lady Bunt (Sarah Nicholson) gets a lesson in anatomy.*

*Alice (Susan Sloane) finds herself a slave to Jack's (Beerbohm Tree) lust.*

Well, folks, it's finally happened—an American-made porn film with some brains behind it. The producer, John Butterworth, decided that an erotic movie doesn't have to be sleazy on the one hand and pretentious on the other to be successful. So he got a decent script together, a decent cast, an elaborate set, and went to work. The end result is fast becoming a box-office sensation and deserves every bit of the applause that it's getting.

Based on the anonymous Victorian classic, *A Man With A Maid,* the story involves the seduction of a prim and proper Victorian cocktease by her former fiance.

During a thunderstorm Alice (Susan Sloane) takes shelter in Jack's (Beerbohm Tree) "snuggery"—an elegant study that with the aid of a few electrical gadgets can become an elaborate dungeon. And become such a dungeon it does. Before long, the innocent Alice finds herself strung up and spread-eagled by rope pulleys fastened to the ceiling.

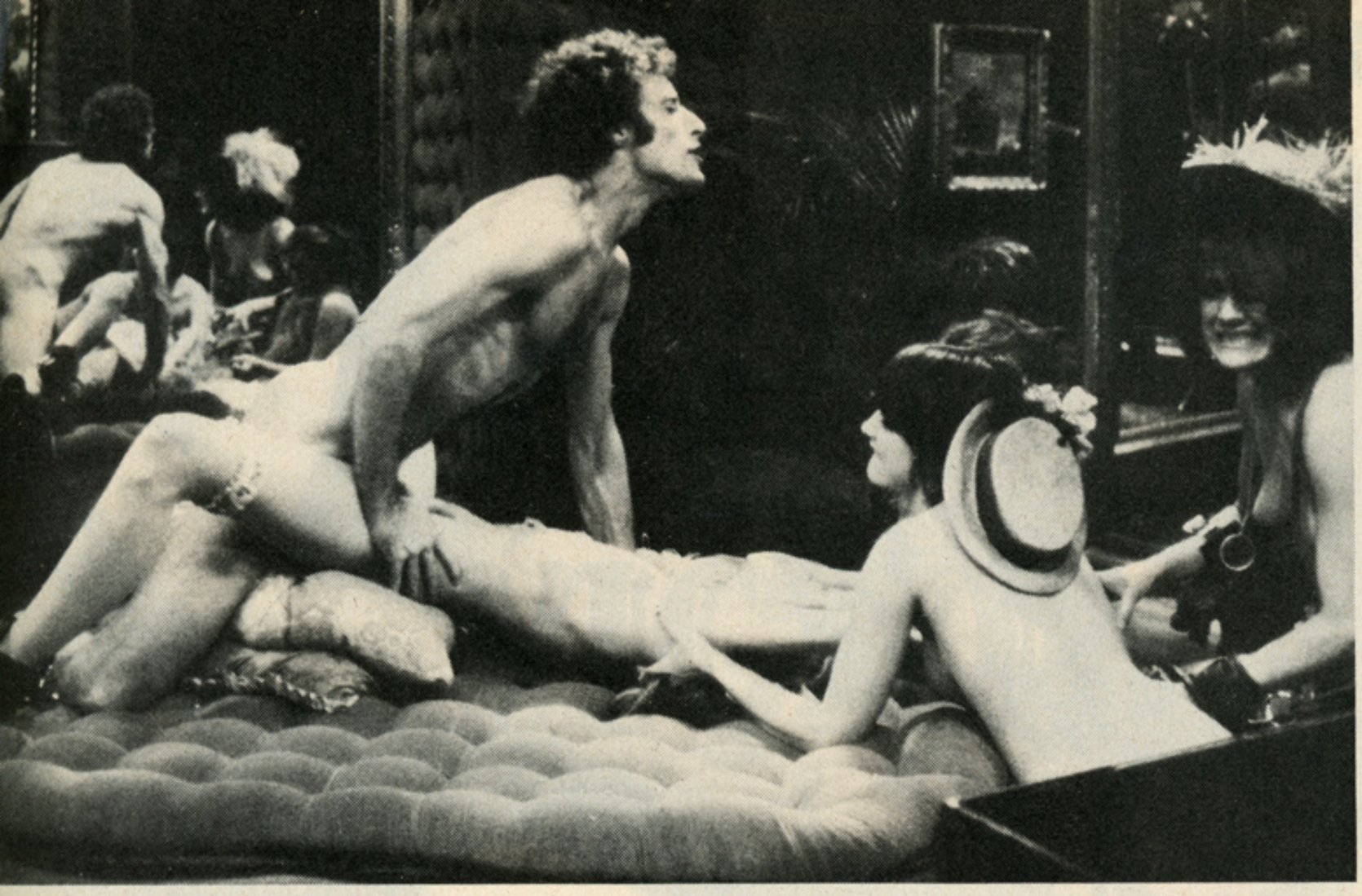
*Jack lavishes his attention on Alice's ass.*

Frightened and humiliated, Alice has no choice but to submit to Jack as he removes her clothes, then his own, and introduces her to his love tool, which he affectionately refers to as "John Thomas."

"How much lower could I sink?" Alice moans as Jack prepares to penetrate her ass. "Think a moment," he reassures her, "larger things have come out than what is going in."

*(Continued on page 29)*

# THE NAUGHTY VICTORIANS



*Young Cicely (Heather Brown) loses her maidenhead.*

*Jack regards rape and seduction as a science and an art.*

*Thanks to Jack's rope pulleys, cunnilingus becomes a swinging affair.*

*Alice's masturbatory dreams of Jack.*

*Lady Bunt doesn't appreciate being strung up.*

*Everyone gets into the sexual fun and games.*

*(Continued from page 23)*

After Alice loses her anal virginity, it's time for Jack to capture Alice's maidenhead. After the operation, Jack withdraws "John Thomas" and leaves poor Alice horny as hell. Her sexuality, now fully awakened, craves fulfillment, and she is forced to beg him to screw her.

In the lick of a slit Alice becomes a fully liberated woman, so liberated in fact that she becomes Jack's accomplice in vice. The first object of their combined lust is Alice's buxom brunette maid, Molly (Angel Barrett). Molly is given the full bondage treatment, but alas! Alice discovers that Molly is not a virgin and Jack is furious since collecting maidenheads is his specialty. But Alice saves the day when she tells Jack that Molly is extremely gifted in other ways—namely oral sex.

Molly vehemently refuses to go down on Jack, and she is given the choice of being severely punished or using her fabulous mouth. You guessed it. "By jove!" Jack cries, "She ate the whole thing!"

The next seduction involves a pompous woman of "questionable nobility" named Lady Bunt (Sarah Nicholson) and her adolescent daughter, Cicely (Heather Brown). With Alice and Molly's help, Lady Bunt and Cicely are soon captive guests of the lecherous Jack and are forced to undergo a series of indignities, including various lesbian acts and incest with one another. Jack also claims young Cicely's maidenhead.

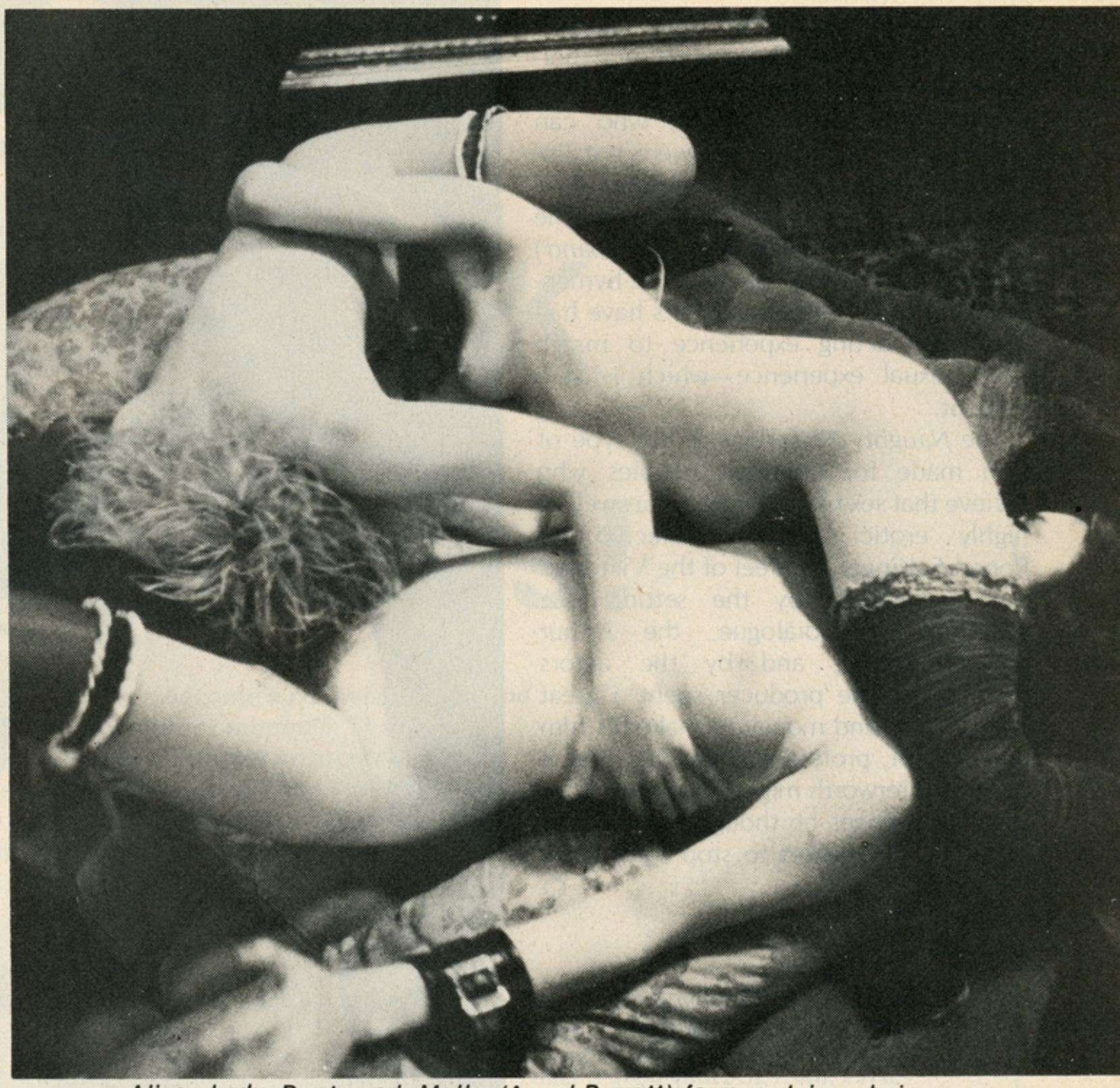
But after the full-scale orgy is played out, Alice suddenly realizes that she and Molly and the others have been used solely to satisfy Jack's libertine ego, that he cares nothing about them. Besides, she cannot forget the indignity of being hung from the ceiling and tortured into submission. So she devises a plan to get even with wicked Jack.

Jack is a schoolmaster by profession, and his sadistic tendencies have often taken the form of floggings of his male students. Alice decides to enlist the aid of three of them for her revenge.

When she and Jack are alone together, she tricks him into reliving their first sexual experience by switching roles. She has him chained to the pulleys in no time, helpless. Enter Molly, Lady Bunt, Cicely, and the three students.

Alice informs him that they have all gathered to watch him lose his own maidenhead. "I possess no maidenhead," he cries.

That's what he thinks. While the ladies watch, two of the students hold Jack spread-eagled, and the third student screws him in the ass. A little buggery in the "snuggery" is a lesson Jack won't soon forget.



*Alice, Lady Bunt, and Molly (Angel Barrett) form a daisy chain.*

*While Molly in stocks gives head to Jack, Alice performs a similar service on Molly.*

The performances in *The Naughty Victorians* are far above what one normally sees in such films. At last we have a leading lady, Susan Sloane, who can speak a line as though she were not lip-reading a cue card. And Beerbohm Tree (pictured elsewhere in this issue as the sadistic artist in *Anyone But My Husband*) is in top form as the man with the hymen-breaking cock. Both performers have had legitimate acting experience to match their sexual experience—which is self-evident.

*The Naughty Victorians* is the type of film made for liberated couples who believe that sex films can be fun as well as highly erotic. Stylishly directed by Robert S. Kinger, the feel of the Victorian era is captured by the setting, the costumes, the dialogue, the Arthur Sullivan music, and by the actors themselves. The producer spent a great deal of time and money to make his film the superior, professional product that it is. Mr. Butterworth might have settled for less, but perhaps he thought it was time for erotic filmmakers to stop ripping off the public. ○

*Gilbert and Sullivan's "Titwillow" provides the background music for this lesbian scene.*

*Molly and Alice find the feminine charms of Lady Bunt and Cicely irresistible.*

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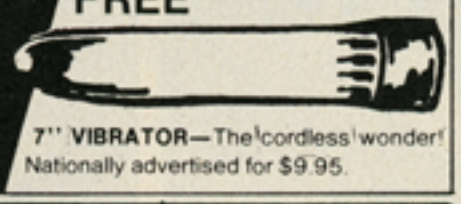

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## *Starlet Of The Issue:*

# HELENA ROSS

Shapely Helena Ross has done a lot of modeling in her time, but her major ambition is to be an actress. She is studying acting in L.A., where she lives. "I hope that in a year's time I will be ready to start auditioning for roles. I'm getting better all the time—as an actress, that is—but I still have a lot to learn before I consider myself qualified." Would Helena consider making X-rated films? "Maybe," she says candidly, "but I don't know. Most of the girls I've seen in porn don't have the talent to do anything else. But I suppose that if one does have the talent, it's an easy way to get started. Still, the scripts don't require much acting, do they?" Would Helena be liberated enough to perform sexually before blue movie cameras? "No problem. I can produce plenty of references on that score. I don't mean to brag, but I could teach Linda Lovelace a few tricks." Looking at Helena's voluptuous lips, we don't doubt it.

W.C.FIELDS
Eroticism in Western Art
Symbolist Art
MONROE
in the Third Reich

*Julia (above) and her friends Patty and Peaches are obsessed with men.*

# THE DIVINE OBSESSION

**It takes more than talent to be a star.**

☐ *The Divine Obsession* is that rare porn film which infuses new blood into an already anemic industry. It demonstrates how explicitly erotic footage can stem naturally from a complex and entertaining plot. Since it is neither pretentious nor "arty," it may well be overlooked by certain critics, who no doubt will save their praise for the glossier *Story of Joanna*. But nonetheless, *The Divine Obsession* should serve as a model for filmmakers of what erotic movies *can* be—with a little caring and intelligence behind them.

The film starts at a seedy strip joint, where a trio of performers are about to go into their act. The star performer is Julia (Julia Franklin), and her sidekicks are Patty (Bree Anthony) and Peaches (National Velvet), also known as Terri Hall, the star of *The Story of Joanna*). Julia uses a gun in the strip act, but on this night we get the distinct impression the bullets are real. Something horrifying is about to happen. Someone is going to die, and the rest of the film attempts to explain how and why this violent act will occur.

We backtrack to the time Julia is a schoolgirl. She is seen with the school jock, Ted (Alan Marlo), studying for exams. She never does pass her final exams, but she does learn a helluva lot about anatomy—Ted's. After much oral sex and finger fucking, she pleads with Ted to squirt his load into her mouth. He willingly obliges, although he would much rather be fucking her. But Julia, the schoolgirl, is too much of a "tease" to allow it.

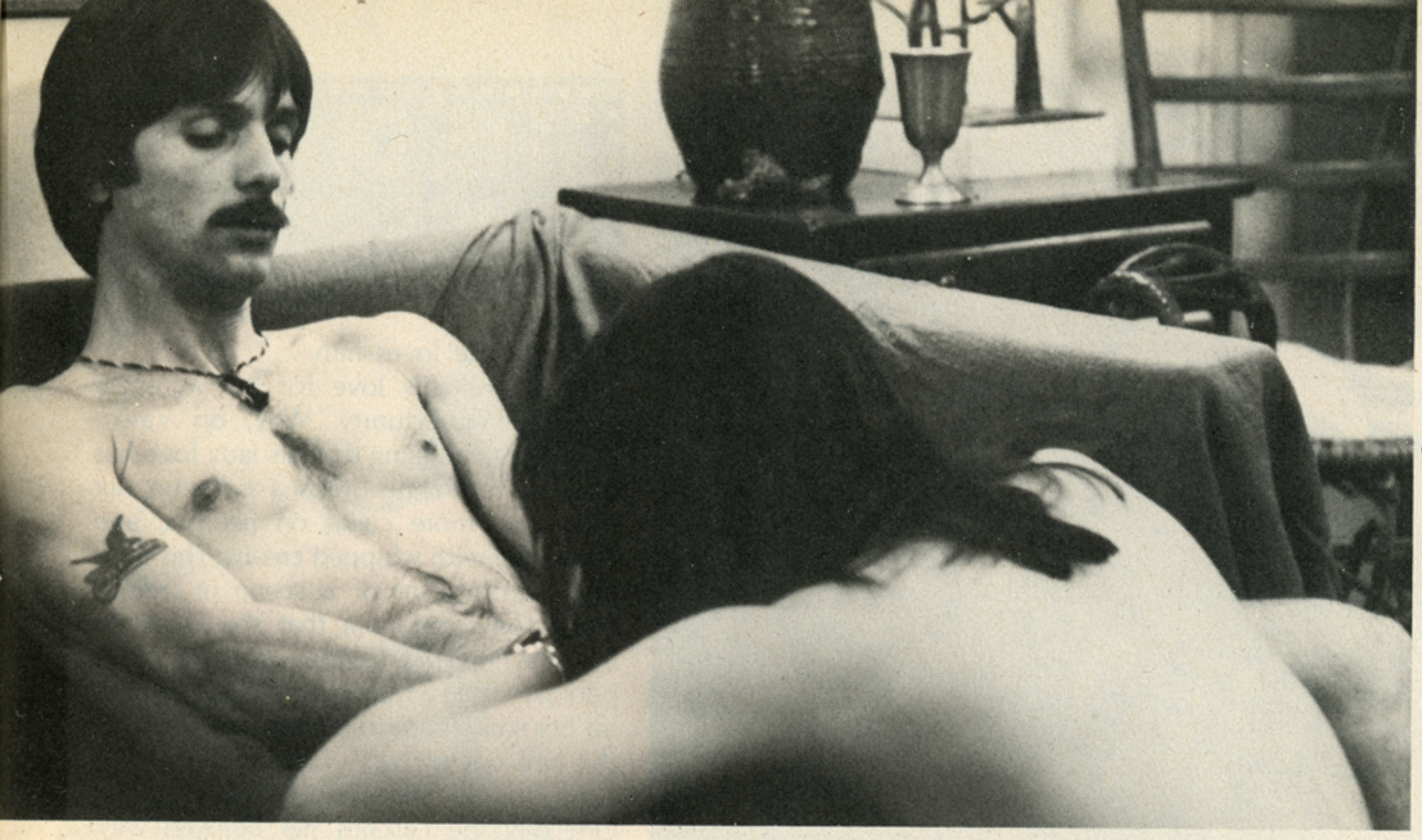
Julia has great hopes of becoming an actress. She soon leaves home and heads

*After her rotten affair with Peter (Tony Dexter), Julia (Julia Franklin) changes her image from sweet young porn star to wigged hooker.*

# THE DIVINE OBSESSION

*Julia wins a choice porn role when leading lady Peaches (National Velvet) gives bad head.*

*When Peter and Julia aren't screwing in a normal way, they enjoy cake and whipped cream sex.*



*Patty (Bree Anthony) discovers that revenge can take an erotic turn.*

for Sin City—New York. There, after some humorous casting-couch adventures, she performs the balcony speech from *Romeo and Juliet* for a casting agent (Eric Edwards). She proceeds to strip during her audition and seduces the agent. ("I want to taste thee squirting in my mouth," she improvises.) After much fucking and sucking while Tchaikovsky's love theme builds to a musical climax in the background, the casting agent gives her the role. "I never appreciated Shakespeare, but you really have a unique interpretation," he informs her.

Her great part, she soon discovers, is in an 8mm. fuckfilm, the type that plays for a quarter at neighborhood peepshows.

Her porn roles increase, but she has not yet proved herself to be of star quality. Then one day, while watching the filming of a threesome for a major X-rated movie, a personal dispute among the three performers boosts Julia into her first starring vehicle. The film, "Sunset of Passion," is a smash hit and Julia becomes the darling of the porn world and the nation. But alas, her glory is short-lived. She is busted by the F.B.I. for conspiring to transport obscene material—her film—across state lines.

Lonely, despondent, with no one to come to her aid, her stardom fades. She is reduced to pills, liquor and jerking herself off with a dildo. All her hopes are dashed. She can't even go home again, knowing that her parents are furious about her porn career and that her childhood sweetheart, Ted, is now married to someone else

But just as she is about to reach the bottom of her pill bottle, she meets Peter (Tony Dexter). He knows everything about her sinful past, but doesn't mind. With Peter she begins to start her life afresh. However, for some inexplicable reason, her friend Patty dislikes and distrusts Peter. Julia thinks Patty is being silly and claims that Peter loves her as

# THE DIVINE OBSESSION

much as she loves him.

He proves his love for her at every available opportunity. Why, on Valentine's Day, realizing that his lady love has a sweet tooth, he drops a cake on her cunt, two more cakes on her tits, and covers her with whipped cream. This food orgy, reminiscent of a scene in *French Blue*, convinces Julia that she wants to become Peter's wife. How, after all, can a poor girl resist a man who shoves bananas up her snatch and then proceeds to fuck the hell out of her?

Ah, but all that whipped cream sours. One day she catches her beloved with another chick, Peter's *real* financee. All the time he was just using her for his own selfish pleasure. Her friend Patty, alas, was right.

Patty and another friend, Peaches, decide to get revenge on Peter. Patty seduces Peter—an easy accomplishment—while Peaches pretends to be a

*(Continued on page 64)*

*Patty and Peaches perform for their exclusive clientele.*

*The strip act that ends in death.*

*Ted (Alan Marlo) makes Julia finally aware of her masochistic tendencies.*

*Patty teaches Peter a sex lesson he'll never forget.*

*Nora feels that the poet (Eric Edwards) should talk less and screw more.*

# ANYONE BUT MY HUSBAND

**She thought she'd teach him a lesson, no matter how many men it took . . .**

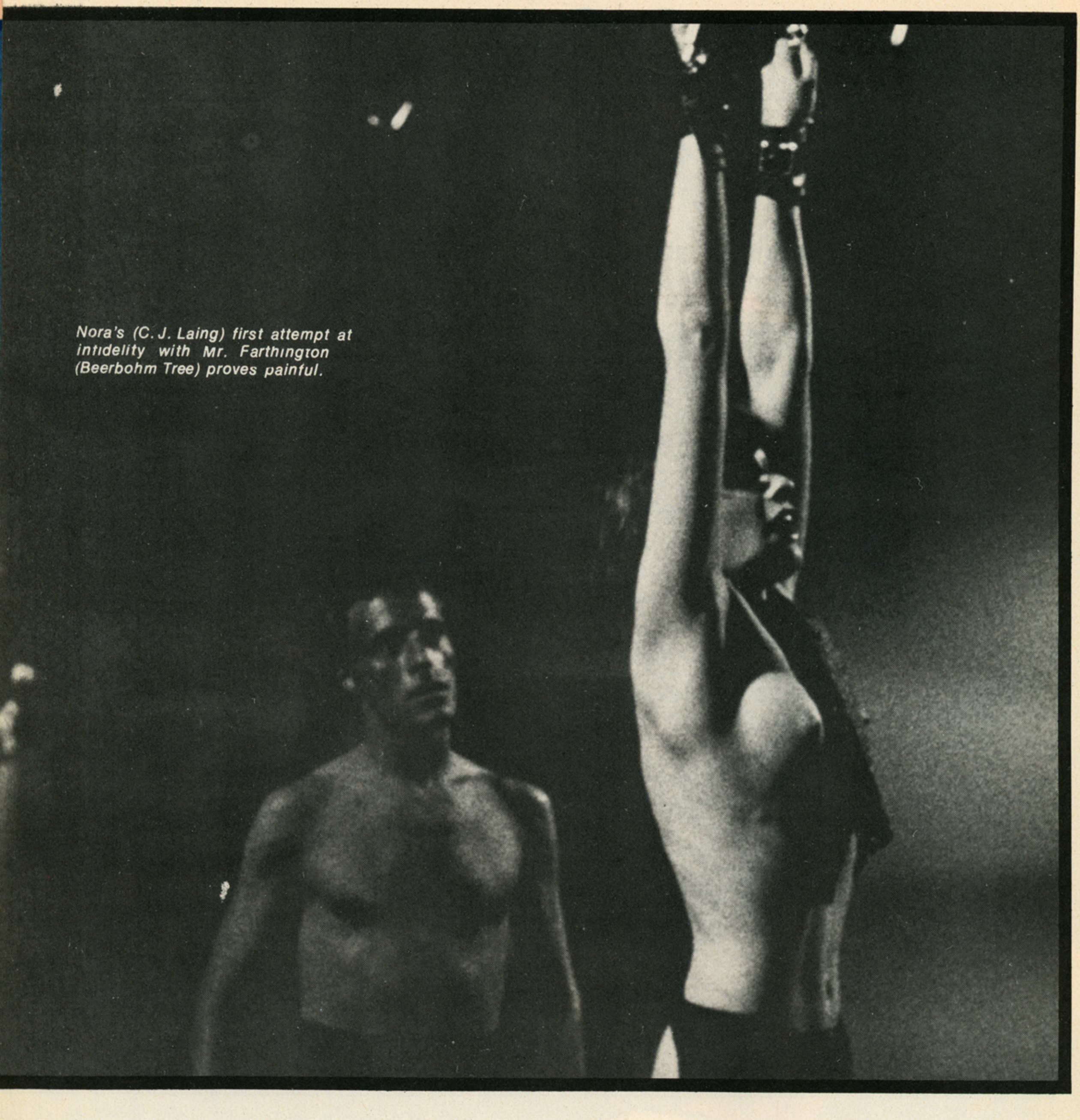
■What's an unappreciated wife to do? She spends all day melting her tits over a hot stove, preparing a delectable dinner. She buys champagne and flowers, plunks candles on the table for intimate lighting, wears a revealing negligee—and for what? A grumpy husband who just got his rocks off with a nubile teenager and wants nothing to do with his "old lady" of 22.

So poor Nora runs off to her local headshrinker to seek advice. She tells Dr. Malcolm that her husband married her when she was sweet sixteen, but she's grown too old to please him. Is there anything she can do to rekindle the old flame? He tells her to stop doting on him and have an affair, release some of her pentup steam. But Nora is a sweet, innocent, simple girl. Where can she find a man to have a fling with? A ludicrous question since this *is* a porn flick.

Nora's hot-twatted neighbor, Sylvia, comes to her rescue. Sylvia's prim and proper husband saves his fucking for Sunday, and frankly, Sylvia is getting tired of hand action the other six days of the week. She is as eager as Nora to find a horny stud, so the two women start pursuing this goal together.

Sylvia is a sophisticated lady-about-town and takes Nora off to an erotic art exhibit. The artist, Mr. Farthington, immediately gets the hots for Nora and asks her to pose for him after the gallery closes. He neglects to mention that a little bondage is involved.

Several moments later, Nora is strung up and Mr. Farthington is whipping the shit out of her. After he is sufficiently aroused by this dubious method of foreplay, he releases her. She docilely sucks his cock and then he proceeds to



*Nora's (C. J. Laing) first attempt at infidelity with Mr. Farthington (Beerbohm Tree) proves painful.*

screw her. After the sex act, she runs home to discuss Mr. Farthington with Sylvia. Nora decides that the artist is really the man she wishes to have an affair with. She wants to frolic in bed all right—but not in a hospital bed.

Nora next gets involved with a poet, who—naturally—enjoys pastoral sex. His living room floor is covered with plants and the two of them picnic on the rug, while he informs her of his insurmountable passion in flowery terms. "Is all this necessary?" she wonders as she lunges for his cock.

Nora lovers her nasty hubby and all she really wants is a casual affair. She is beginning to wonder if all of the men in New York are ready for the funny farm (no editorial comment here). Sylvia, ever hopeful, drags Nora off to consult a fortune teller to see if their luck is going to improve.

Gazing into her plastic crystal ball, the gypsy woman sees a man entering Sylvia's life, a man 13½ inches tall. Hmmm. "No, that can't be," the fortune teller decides, rechecking her ball. "A man 13½ inches long," she corrects.

Sylvia is sceptical, but the gypsy woman insists that her ball never lies. And presto! The man with 13½ inches makes an entrance. Sylvia, bug-eyed, caresses the "family jewels" and decides to give "13½" (Marc Stevens, eat your heart out) a try. The gypsy conveniently owns a water bed—king-sized and fit for a king—and Sylvia soon impales herself on the young man's heroic member.

Meanwhile, the gypsy is still gazing into her crystal ball and informs Nora that she sees two women together—Nora and herself. "Say, wait a minute," protests

Nora. "No," the gypsy woman states unequivocally. "There's nothing you can do. It's written in the stars."

Well, if it's written in the stars . . . Several minutes later, the two ladies are taking a whirlpool bath together. The gypsy munches on Nora's twat and then proceeds to fist-fuck her. In the next room, Sylvia is still getting her brains fucked out by good old "13½." Finally, when Sylvia is so sore her eyes are crossed, he comes on her tummy.

Still desirous of more fun, the young man approaches Nora and the fortune teller. The gypsy informs Nora to suck the man's dick and Nora gives it the old college try. Actually, it's better than just a try, for Nora has a wonderful talent. She could deep-throat a horse if she put her mind to it. She takes "13½" up to the hilt (at which point there is an audible gasp from the hardened porn-goers in the audience). After discharging a pint of protein in her mouth (it looks a bit faked as far as consistency and amount), Nora and Sylvia get dressed and depart.

The funniest scene in this entire film centers around the two disheveled ladies limping down the street. Sylvia is walking a bit bow-legged and Nora has developed laryngitis. Both of them are still in a state of shock.

Nora runs off to see Dr. Malcolm and report on her progress. He informs her that her laryngitis is psychosomatic and she tells him that he's full of shit. "If you'd just given head to 13½ inches, you'd be a little hoarse too."

Nora's husband (remember him?) has been equally active. He picks up a young lady at a party and proceeds to ball her "horsie-style." But he's beginning to get

the guilts over the way he treated his poor wife and decides to fuck her when he arrives home. But Nora, he soon finds, is tired of being the submissive little sex kitten she's always been. Now that she's see what the wide world has to offer in terms of horny men, she tells Sam to fuck off. Poor Sam. This time he's the one who runs to the john for a little hand-action.

As Nora, C. J. Laing (who also used the name "Gwen Starr" in *Sexteen*) may never win an Oscar for her acting abilities. But if awards are ever given for throat capacity, she's a shoe-in. At last we have a porn performer who can make lovely Linda Lovelace look like a rank amateur. If Miss Laing ever decides to give up porn, she has a career cut out for her as a circus sword-swallower. And even though she isn't the greatest actress one could wish, she does bring to the role the proper element of submissive, kittenish innocence.

Sarah Nicholson (who is billed in this film as "Jennifer Jordan") practically walks off with the movie. She has a delightful sense for playing comedy, and if the lines are not always there—her facial reactions make up for it.

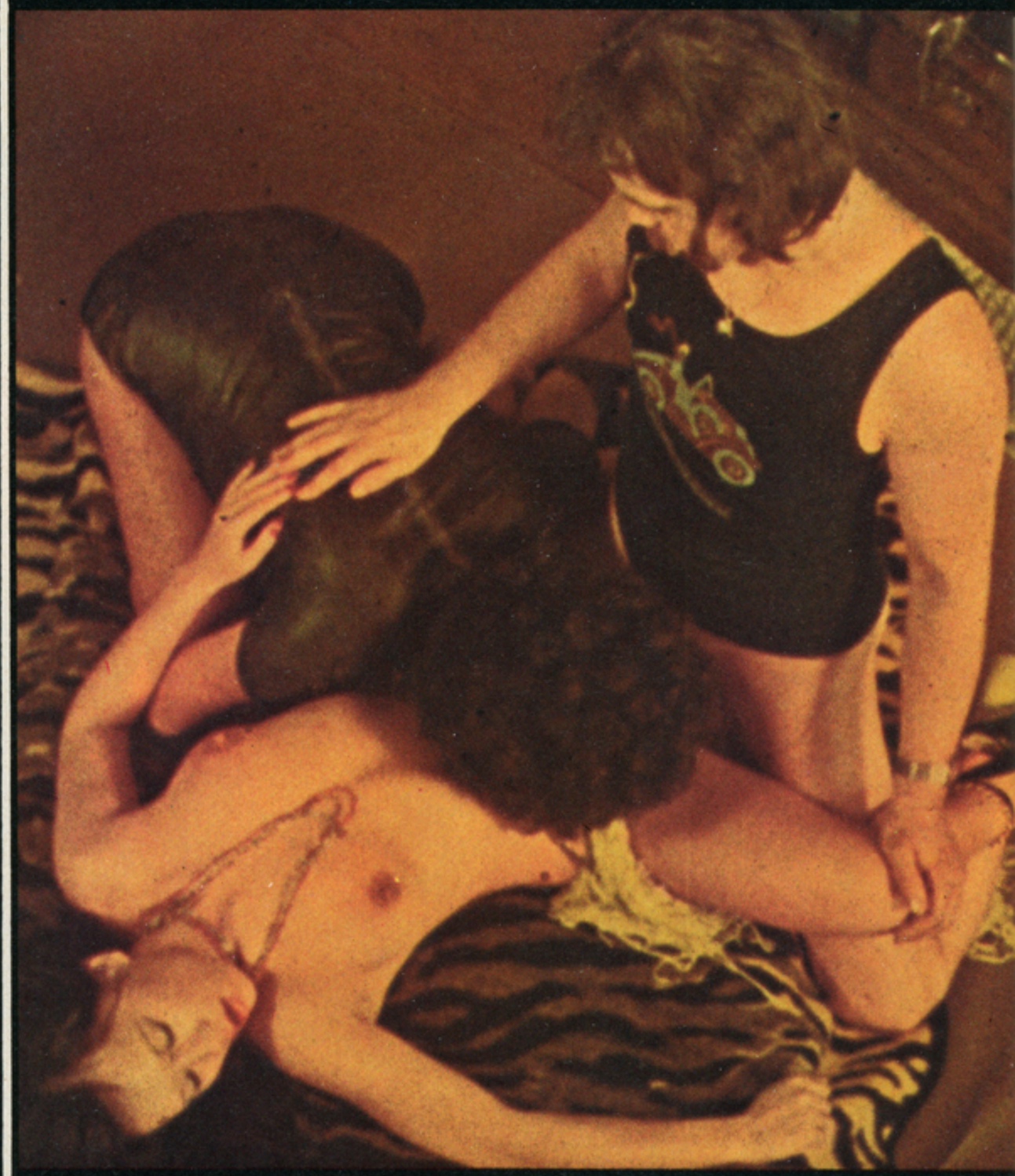
In other parts, Robert Kerr turns in a totally professional performance as Sam, Nora's hubby—both as an actor and performer. Thelma Thigh and Bree Anthony as the two "other" women Sam cheats with, are both energetic and attractive bed partners. Beerbohm Tree, as the sadistic artist, and Eric Edwards, as the star-crossed poet, are perfect for their roles. Deanna Darby, the fortune teller, will hardly cause Raquel Welch to slit her wrists in envy, but she does her small bit well.

But the performer everyone will be talking about is Tony Perez, the man whom Mother Nature smiled upon—or, rather, grinned. Mother Nature did for Mr. Perez's family jewels what lying did for Pinocchio's nose. Whether the man can act (or for that matter, speak English) remains undecided. But both Sarah Nicholson and C. J. Laing can painfully attest to what he *can* do.

As a movie, *Anyone But My Husband* is often shoddy around the edges. Much of the comedy falls flat and many times the actors and actresses look silly rather than funny. The film could also use some tighter editing—a few of the sex scenes are a trifle too long and monotonous. A few seconds could easily be trimmed from the end of a number of scenes, in which the actors, having no more to say, seem to be wondering why the director doesn't yell "cut."

If there had been more time for rehearsal, a more discerning ear for dialogue, and a little more energy on the part of the director, *Anyone But My Husband* could have been a Class "A" porn product. Though it falls short, the exhuberance of the performers—in and out of the sack—and the light-hearted (if occasionally, light-headed) approach to sexual shenanigans, may prove stimulating for porn fanciers. (I also wondered if naming the submissive, docile wife who rebels, "Nora," was inspired by Ibsen's *A Doll's House*. But don't get upset. We assure you there is very little similarity between the famous play and this quickie flick. ○

*Sam (Robert Kerr) is an expert at cheating on Nora, this time with voluptuous porn actress, Bree Anthony.*



☐ A little while back a European film called *French Blue* became an international sensation. It was Brigitte Maier's bid for pornographic stardom and director-writer-producer Alberto Ferro's proof that explicit sex could be both erotic and classy.

Well, folks, he's done it again and done it better. His new film, *Sensations,* was made on a $250,000 budget and every penny was put to good use. American porn pales in comparison. The women are stunning, the acting level is far above the norm, the sets and costumes are imaginative, and the sex is as graphic as it is diverse. There's a little something for everyone and even the most jaded audience will be standing at attention.

The film starts with the innocent meeting of several young people about to cross the English Channel. Margaret (Brigitte Maier) is a sweet young thing from America who strikes up a conversation with a beautiful, sophisticated French girl, Veronique (Veronique Monet). They are soon joined by a handsome, suave violinist, Lazlos (Pierre Latour) from Hungary and later by Lisle, a stunning and decadent British aristocrat.

Lisle invites her newfound friends to her country manor, although it is obvious the Englishwoman is particularly fascinated with the musician. "To me the violin is like the body of a beautiful woman," he tells her, and she replies, "Well, it depends on the player."

Lisle has a masochistic servant with a hook for a hand. While Lisle douches in her bathroom, the servant kowtows in front of her and then drops a carnation at her feet as an offering of his love and esteem. But Lisle scorns his advances. The servant is there for her to tease and tantalize, nothing more. She is far more interested in seducing Lazlos.

While Veronique and Margaret chat in another room, Lisle puts on an elegant, but revealing net dress and plots to seduce the violinist. Lazlos needs little persuasion once the two of them are alone together. Silently Lisle hands him a scissors and he proceeds to literally cut her out of the dress. When she is naked, he begins sucking on her moist vagina. Next he ties her up with multi-colored ribbons and allows her to suck him. But enough of foreplay. The musician proceeds to play the hell out of her instrument.

Meanwhile Veronique decides to do a bit of exploring on her own. Outside the bathroom she meets the servant, who seems fascinated by her. She smiles, suggestively. "Do it with the hook," she tells him. She exposes her snatch and allows him to part her lips with the mechanical hook. "You'll always remember me every time you masturbate," she informs him, then leaves.

Margaret seems rather bewildered when Veronique tells her jokingly about the encounter with the servant. Although

*Before seducing Lazlos (below), Lisle sudses her snatch, while her docile servant removes her slippers.*

## sensations

not a virgin, Margaret is innocent to the European decadence she begins to witness around her.

It is time for the two women to go their separate ways, but they agree to see one another again.

Veronique heads for a boutique, owned by a striking, curly-haired lesbian, who knows a good pair of tits when she sees them. In no time at all, the two ladies are sampling each other's merchandise.

Meanwhile, Margaret makes her way to the studio of David, a friend of a friend. He's a photographer and naturally, everything he photographs is erotic. He already has two female models in the process of posing for him. A sex scene ensues (surprised?) between the two models, between David and Margaret, and among David and the models. Everyone has a great time, except for Margaret who is a bit shocked by the promiscuity she witnesses. She's also a bit shaken by her own arousal at such goings-on

Later that evening, Veronique and Margaret meet again at an art gallery, where an exhibition party is in progress (no pun intended). Everyone shows up to view the works of art on display, all of

*Veronique enjoys a little female toesucking.*

which have been painted by the voluptuous aristocrat, Lady Pamela Weatherby (Tuppy Owens).

Pamela's husband, Lord Weatherby, describes himself as "68 and still going strong." Indeed, when the lord is not at his favorite pasttime—sniffing women's panties—he enjoys a bit of tongue action and some screwing, all of which we see.

In fact, everyone gets into the sexual act as the party turns into a full-scale orgy.

Lady Pamela gets a kick out of fucking herself with a riding crop, while an Italian friend, Alonzo, sucks happily away at her twat.

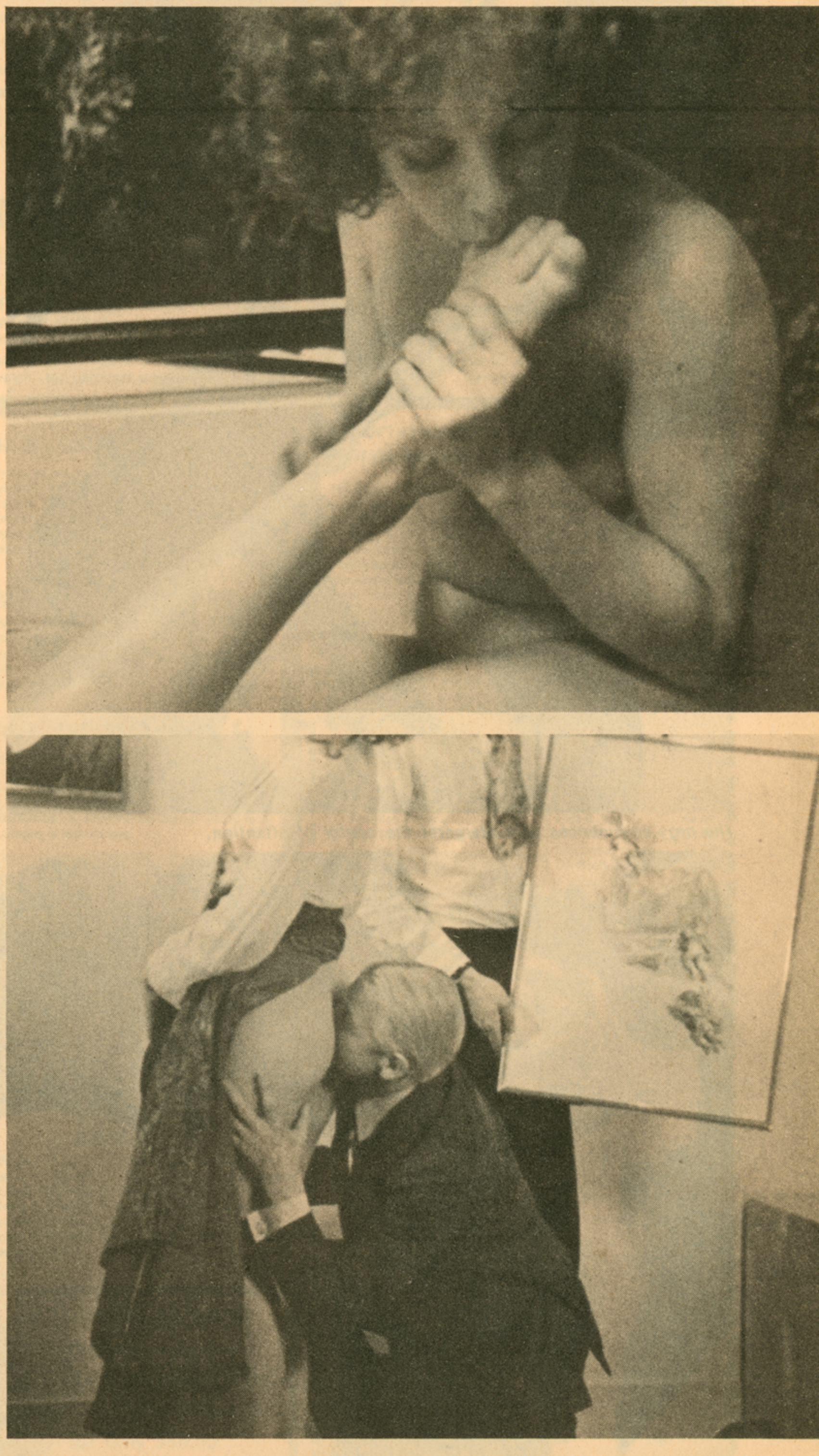
Bu then, everyone is having a marvelous time. One of the guests, Tanya, masturbates while shoving a pair of panties up her snatch. Naturally, Lord Weatherby is delirious with joy at this display and mounts Tanya in the lick of a slit. Tanya's boyfriend, however, is dismayed because he isn't getting any action, so Tanya sweetly takes him into the john and proceeds to piss all over him. To each his own.

The other guests have less kinky appetites, but the appetites they have are large enough to encompass a crowd. Everyone, including lovely Veronique, and her lesbian friend, get into the action. A multitude of cocks are sucked, clits licked, and cunts and assholes penetrated.

To add to the reveling, someone is passing around cocaine. ("Do you know why they call cocaine the white lady?" one guest asks, as she places some coke on her snatch. "It's a question of passion.")

Margaret is beside herself. She can't get over all the booze and dope and sex. Finally, stimulated to the point of doing anything, she agrees to go upstairs with several of the party guests. There's a huge bed just waiting for them, and before long, the other guests join in. Before long, everyone is feeling, penetrating, licking, or biting Margaret's gorgeous body—until finally, she is totally devoured by everyone's communal lust. And thus ends the saga of poor Margraret, who becomes the main course at a sexual smorgasbord.

As you can see, the plot of a sweet young innocent abroad ain't much. The beginning segments regarding Lisle's weird relationship with her servant and



*When Lord Weatherby isn't sniffing panties, he enjoys sniffing other things.*

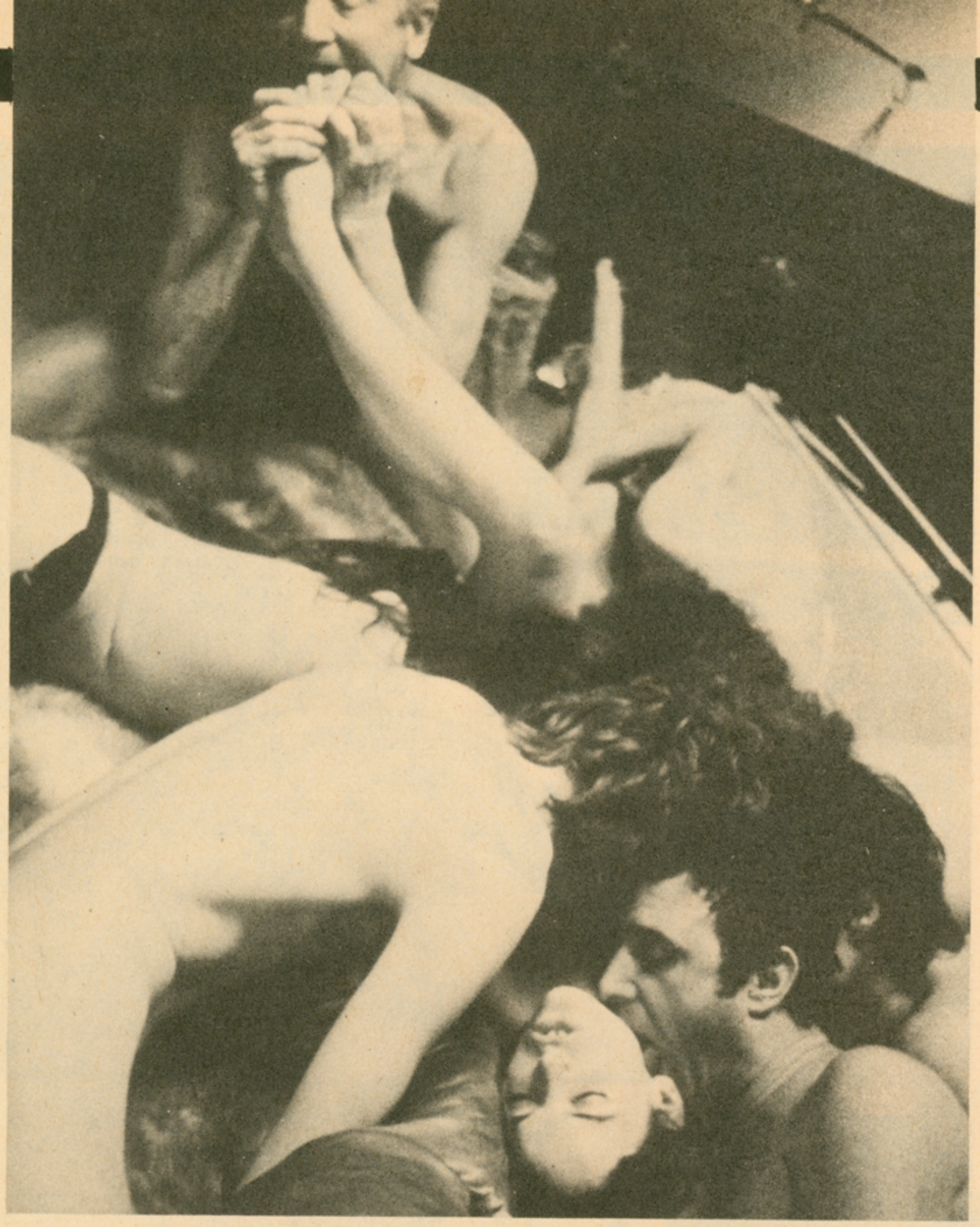
the sexual encounter with Lazlos seemed indicative of an interesting plot to follow. But no such luck. The picture soon becomes an erotic hodgepodge as the plot thins. Since I see as many sex films as I do, I crave some sort of story to hold my interest. Sex in itself isn't usually enough.

But one thing that can be said about *Sensations* is that it is so slick, so erotically worked out to the last sensual detail that one is entirely engrossed and stimulated.

Whereas most women in porn look as though they had serviced a fleet before crawling in front of the cameras, the women in *Sensations* are devastatingly handsome creatures. (If sagging tits and cellulite are your trip, you'd better keep away.) The men, on the other hand (with the exception of Pierre Latour as Lazlos) are unattractive compared to many American porn actors. But one can't have everything.

As for performances, the acting is far superior to most of the cue-card reading one sees in American porn—with the exception of the cast's single American, Brigitte Maier. Brigitte, though an ultra-energetic sex partner, will probably never be up for an Academy Award—and if she is, she'll probably swallow it.

In conclusion, if one likes a bit of class with one's porn, *Sensations* has no equal in the genre. Alberto Ferro (Lasse Braun) considers himself the "Fellini of Porn" and considering the competition, he may be right.



*The orgy commences with Margaret the center of attention.*

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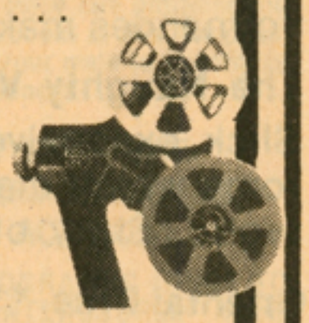

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# BLUE MOVIE GUIDE

(Continued from page 4)

**Lovelace Meets Miss Jones** * ½
Stupid plot combines lots of old loops highlighting numerous porn stars. For pure raunch, it delivers, but who cares? If you dig "golden shower" scenes, this flick's a real pisser.

**Milk Lady** **
Strictly for tit men who like to see their women squirt milk from their mammaries. Depends too much on this gimmick and falls short in the acting and story departments.

**The Minor's Wife** **
German film with atrocious dubbing about a miner and his wife who manage to screw everyone in sight—except one another

**Naked Came the Stranger** *** ½
A wife cheats on her cheating husband. Excellent photography, humorous script, and some good performances make this several notches above similar fare.

**The Naughty Victorians** ***½
Slick, expensive, and thoroughly delightful Victorian sex romp which manages to be as humorous as it is highly erotic. Story of libertine in search of maidenheads.

**Oriental Blue** ***
Training film for white slave trade. Good photography, plenty of hot action, a number of attractive, uninhibited females. Erotic.

**The Passions of Carol** ***
Erotic, good production values marred by leading lady's acting ability—or lack of it. Updated version of "A Christmas Carol" will keep your X-mas pudding steaming.

**Pleasure Masters** ***
Two stories combined: one about a docile Oriental servant, the other about a mysterious cathouse. Extremely erotic sex scenes, attractive people, good sets and costumes make up for idiotic dialogue.

**The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann** ***½
A husband has a private dick tail his wife with a number of clever plot twists thrown in. Very erotic with lots of humor.

**The Second Coming of Eva** * ½
A composite of Brigitte Maier's old shit before she struck it big in "French Blue." If you like the lady, you might find some redeeming value.

**Sensations** ***½
Highly erotic and classy European product concerning an innocent American girl devoured by lust abroad. Short on plot, but long on sex and orgy scenes. Beautiful women, including Brigitte Maier.

**Sensuous Flygirls** **
Stewardesses sought to fuck with horny astronauts on 4-year space mission. Broads no beauties save one. Lots of sex and silly dialogue. Interesting double insertion scene.

**Sexteen** ** ½
Extremely erotic love-makihg, despite ludicrous script and poor acting in this story of two lovers trying to cheat the Angel of Death.

**Slip Up** ***
A mad scientist decides to take over the country with the aid of an invention which gives every man an unrelievable erection. Explicit and humorous.

**Sometime Sweet Susan** ***
The erotic fantasies of a beautiful woman with a split personality. Too much time for sex and not enough for characterizations. Good attempt at quality.

**S.O.S.** ***
Funny series of vignettes from the makers of *Screw,* many of them in impeccably bad taste. Educational in a kinky sort of way.

**The Story of Joanna** **½
Deserves an "A" for effort, but beautiful settings, costumes, and erotic footage can't save this dreary, pretentious tale of sexual humiliation and blind obedience.

**Super Vixens** **½
Sex is very soft-core and violence is very hard-core. Excellent production values, good performances, and beautiful ladies with enormous tits.

**Wet Rainbow** ***
A married couple is obsessed with a young female student. Good for couples. Honest attempt to combine explicit sex with a storyline.

**Wide Open Marriage** **½
West German comedy about marital infidelity. Some very attractive people (the women particularly), but marred by bad dubbing and editing. ○

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# EVERY INCH

(Continued from page 11)

the two women will be as close to one another as they always have been.

By this time, the flashback is over and we are once again in Crystal's luxurious apartment. Crystal informs Edna that she is about to buy a house—a mansion, actually—on Long Island to give to Cino as a wedding present. She gives Edna the rest of the day off because she plans to drive out to the Island to sign the papers on her new home. She is well on her way out of the city when she realizes that she forgot to bring the necessary papers with her, and so informs her driver to return to the apartment.

Once inside, she hears giggling coming from the bedroom. She checks a see-through panel in the wall and discovers Cino in bed with another woman. The other woman is Edna—minus her frumpy clothes, ratty wig and horn-rimmed glasses. She is his "little Magpie."

Crystal overhears Edna's plans to have her murdered by Cino. Cino has loved Edna all along and has only been using Crystal to gain complete control over the company's assets. Broken-hearted, Crystal plans a few surprises of her own—a few lethal surprises.

Cino and Edna fuck and suck their way to glory—never realizing that it's the last time for both of them.

*I very Inch a Lady* may not be as slick as a Hollywood movie. Some of the lines are corny and some of the acting is non-existent. Yet it is far above most porn products because it successfully combines an interesting story with well photographed sex scenes and overall good production values. Some expense has been shelled out to make this film, and the efforts of those involved have been rewarded by a highly salable production.

Pornography needn't be as boring as it usually is, and *Every Inch a Lady* is proof positive. For those who like their sex scenes to evolve naturally from an entertaining story, this film is for you and we at *Flick* wholeheartedly recommend it. ○

# AL LEVITSKY

(Continued from page 13)

But every day in the early evening I used to go to the boardwalk. I would sit on a bench, put my feet up on the railing, and look out over the beach, the ocean and the horizon. And one day—this is the truth, man, this is how it happened—it was as though I saw it written in the sky: "Go to New York, become an actor." And that moment I knew for sure my purpose for being alive, my destiny, my reason.

**Flick:** And so you went to New York.

**Al:** Yes, a month later. I got rid of my apartment in Philadelphia, got rid of my car, got rid of everything that I owned. Didn't even have a suitcase. Just two cardboard boxes. I knew nobody in New York, but I started making it from that day on.

**Flick:** How did you get started?

**Al:** A year and a half later after studying with a great teacher, I tried out for my first show and I got it. I played the lead in *Barefoot in the Park* for a dinner theatre. We opened in Charlotte, North Carolina. It was my first night, the first time I ever appeared on a stage, and it was just so—so beautiful. When I came out at the end of the play and heard the applause, I knew right then this was for me. I cried in my dressing room that night. I was just so relieved to know that I had found *it*—what I was looking for all my life.

**Flick:** When did you get into porn and why?

**Al:** Well, after *Barefoot in the Park*, I went into another show, *Any Wednesday*. Then I worked with Jerry Grant (star of *Both Ways* and *Score*) in a show called *Tubstrip*. And then came other shows, commercials, and things. I basically got into porn because I found that it paid a lot better than driving a cab or being a waiter or selling gift certificates at Sacks—you know, all those things actors do between shows. Plus for me, being an ex-educator, it was a great learning experience. I learned all the technical stuff about filmmaking and how to play to the camera.

**Flick:** Were you ever uptight about performing sexually?

**Al:** Never. Ever since Day One in Atlantic City, I really haven't had a single hitch. There have been no problems whatsoever. My first porn film was for Joe Middleton—a little thing called *Cherry Grove*. I was an extra in a one-day porn shooting, but I fell right into it. Besides, sex is always something I've enjoyed doing, and it's nice to get paid for doing something that most guys have to pay to do.

**Flick:** What happens when you have to

(Continued on page 58)


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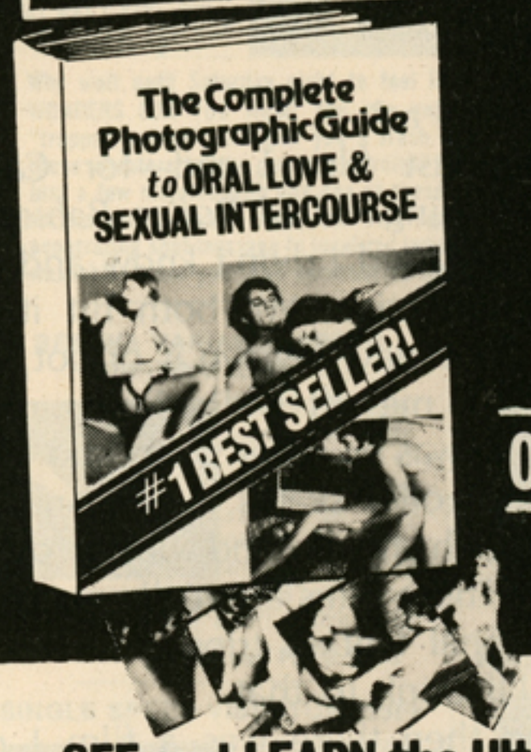


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# AL LEVITSKY

(Continued from page 57)

play opposite a leading lady you're not attracted to?

**Al:** You really have to get your head into a wild fantasy trip, something that is really going to work for you. And periodically, these fantasies change. I'm using one now that's been successful for six or seven films. It has to do with an old girlfriend of mine. I imagine her with other guys in the situations—the sexual situations—that I was with her in. If that gets tired out, there'll always be a fresh fantasy. It's like straight acting, concentration. The stronger the sexual images in you head, the stronger the performance. And even with an attractive girl I have to be able to concentrate. When you've got the fucking lights on and as many as 150 people around waiting for me to get it up, that concentration is so superfine.

**Flick:** Are there other difficulties involved in doing a sex scene?

**Al:** Sure. If it's 7 o'clock in the morning, you've had two hours sleep, and you've been filming around the clock, you might not feel like fucking. Or let's say you just ate too much the night before. What are you going to do? If I find I'm having problems or I'm not in the mood, I'll say, "Wait. Stop." Then I'll go off by myself into a dark room, smoke a cigarette, relax, and then come back.

**Flick:** Has doing porn created any jealousy problems in your private life?

**Al:** No, because I don't have any girlfriend. I never really did. I'm a recluse, an extremely solitary person.

**Flick:** Some people say that "wet shots"—specifically when you come on a girl's face—are demeaning.

**Al:** To whom? I like them, it's relaxing. And I'm an actor. Whatever the director says, I'll do.

**Flick:** How do women in porn react to love making with Al Levitsky?

**Al:** It depends. Some girls really, really love it. To some girls it's a job. Just like with me fucking them—it's a job. It's what I'm paid to do. And I do it the best I can. And after a day's work, we kiss each other goodbye and go our separate ways.

**Flick:** Do the girls in films ever come or are they faking it?

**Al:** I can't concentrate on making a girl come on film. That's something that happens in private life, but in a film, you have to concentrate on coming yourself because that's the only thing that's going to show. So sometimes it's a fake for her, but if you do enough of these things, you can tell if someone's really turned on to you. And of course, that makes it look better on the screen.

**Flick:** Have you performed many extraordinary sex stunts on film?

**Al:** I've done things I haven't even read about, things they don't even put in sex books.

**Flick:** Such as?

**Al:** The last film I did—for Carter Stevens, a thing called *Roller Babies*. I worked with a girl I didn't know and she was very attractive. We both hit it off together. One day, believe it or not, she had to suck me off while I was roller skating. She was on roller skates too. First of all, who roller skates nude? And we went through hours and hours of it. Beautiful. These films are really good for one's personal fantasy trips.

**Flick:** I'll drink to that.

**Al:** And then there was a film I did called *Little Orphan Sandy*. I played a telephone lineman, and C.J. Laing (star of *Anyone But My Husband*) had to suck me off while I was hanging on a ladder. A lot of filmmakers—when they write these scripts in about twenty-five minutes—don't realize that human beings have to act these things out. I remember one of the most difficult sex scenes I had to do. There was this—this sorceress type girl who had just stabbed to death another girl on a cold, hard metal lab table. There was

**"I've done things I haven't even read about, things they don't even put in sex books."**

a lot of this red, sticky theatrical blood all over the victim and all over the table. Now my job was to walk in, move the "dead" girl away, get on the table, and fuck the sorceress. Now the table was ice cold to begin with and now it had an inch thick of this sticky red blood. My knees kept sliding all over the place and we were both covered with this theatrical blood. How could I concentrate on keeping a hard-on when I couldn't even support myself?

**Flick:** I understand you're very pleased with one of your latest films, *The Taking of Christina*.

**Al:** I feel there's something special about it. It's also the only porn film in which I've used my real name. It gave me a chance to finally show what I can do as an actor.

**Flick:** We'll be reviewing it in our next issue, but for the record, what's it about?

**Al:** It's based on a true story that happened in California. It's about this innocent, naive cute girl who's abducted by these two guys. I'm the harder one of the two—just a mean, nasty bastard. There's a brutal rape scene in an empty cabin we broke into the night before. Ultimately she gets her revenge and shoots both of us. At a screening the audience cheered when I got killed. To think they were so involved in my character and it was nothing but a damn porn film! In a way, it's sort of a woman's porn movie because of the idea that this demure, pretty little thing should kill the guys who raped her. It shows that crime does not pay at a time when the bad guys have been glorifed so long on the screen.

**Flick:** Do you think porn is beneficial to people in the audience?

**Al:** It's phenomenal. It's a great release for them. Sexual release is extremely important for people's well-being, even if they've got to do it by themselves—which is good because they don't have to dress up. Everybody needs a dream, a fantasy. You need something in your head to make you wake up the next morning. It's marvelous to be able to go to the theatre and have this kind of sexual release, to go home afterwards and fantasize and masturbate or whatever. It can refresh your marriage if you're tired of being with the same old woman all the time. It adds something new to your home sex life if you can visualize what you saw on the screen.

**Flick:** How many films have you done in the past year?

**Al:** I've done about twenty. There are probably about five or six of us guys who do most of the films.

**Flick:** Are you friendly with the others?

**Al:** We're more than just friends. We have a really great rapport. We go places, do things together. I consider Eric Edwards one of my closest friends. This last year we went to Jamaica together between shootings. And Jamie Gillis is a helluva nice guy. And the women, too, are really great. I just love Bree Anthony, who's one of the sweetest girls you could meet. And Andrea True—terrific. We did **M*A*S*H*'D** together recently. I could go on, but they're all great.

**Flick:** Has doing porn improved your own sex life?

**Al:** Yes, and that's something great about doing porn. You learn to have no hangups about sex. It's beautiful, it really is. And this feeling does go over into our private lives, though not as much as the general public might think. I still have a lot of my insecurities, a lot of my shynesses when I'm with somebody I really care about. But generally speaking, a lot of that has been done away with. Sex for me is a lot looser, a lot freer. Those of us in porn know a lot more about ourselves, about our bodies, about how we function sexually.

**Flick:** Why do you feel you're so much in demand to do porn?

**Al:** When you're good at it—like I am—I'm usually called to do more in films than most of the guys I'm working with. In *S*M*A*S*H* (to be reviewed in the next

issue of *Flick*) I had three of four sex scenes, while most of the guys only had one or two. It just comes easy to me. The fact that I'm a good actor doesn't hurt either. In fact, some filmmakers will write in scenes especially for me.

**Flick:** Do you believe that now you have become the kind of person you always wanted to be?

**Al:** I'm getting a lot closer to it than I ever have been. And it isn't as much a matter of popularity as it is of respect. People respect my work, what I've done for myself and to myself, the way I've worked at becoming the kind of person I wanted to be out of the raw material I was given. I worked to pick out all the good qualities I wanted to instill in myself, to make them part of me. I'm still getting rid of the bad ones, the insecure ones, the weak ones. But those are getting less and less.

My head is quite healthy now and it's taken me a long time to get to this point. And I know where it's at and I know exactly where I'm going, where I've been. And nothing can adversely affect my mind now unless I want it to.

**Flick:** Do you think that doing porn could hurt your chances of making it as a "legit" actor?

**Al:** Doing the films can in no way harm me. It can only harm my dealings with other people. But if somebody turns off against me because of the films, then they're not the kind of people I want to know in the first place. Sex is one of the biggest hangups today in people's private lives, and I'm proud of doing my bit to help change that. ○

## TUPPY OWENS

*(Continued from page 15)*

experience or recall fondly any one person you fucked with?

**Tuppy:** I've never been very keen on saying who was the best or the most exciting. I think it's a very unkind thing to do—to compare. I value such things very highly.

**Flick:** How many long relationships have you had?

**Tuppy:** Long affairs? About five. Three or four years each. Hmmm. That makes 20 years, doesn't it?

**Flick:** How old *are* you?

**Tuppy:** Well, actually it's been about four affairs of over a year each. It just seems longer.

**Flick:** Is your present boyfriend sexually possessive?

**Tuppy:** Yeah. He didn't like the idea very much of me being in *Sensations*. But nonetheless, he took me to see the film at Cannes. And I promised him a blowjob while we were watching it. As it turned

*(Continued on page 60)*

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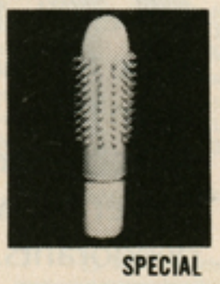

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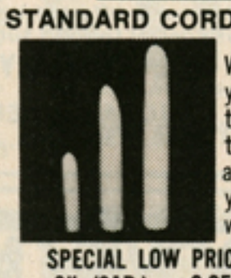

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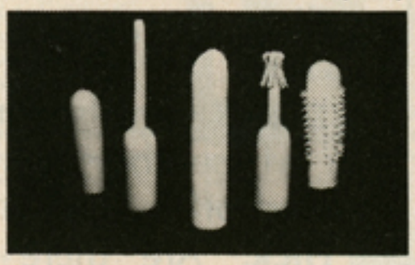

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# TUPPY OWENS

*(Continued from page 59)*

out, Bruce Williamson (from *Playboy*) was sitting on the other side of me and I decided to give them both a blowjob.

**Flick:** And did you?

**Tuppy:** No. I was so entranced by the film I couldn't take my eyes off it.

**Flick:** How do you rate different nationalities in bed?

**Tuppy:** I've never got on very well with French blokes, but then, I don't really get on with French people. I've probably been cold to them and they've been cold back to me. I do like Americans very much. The same for the Germans and the Dutch. But I don't like the German cleanliness fetish, which some Americans have, too. Covered with talcum powder and deodorants. And then they leap to the bathroom the minute they're finished fucking you. Horrid.

**Flick:** Do you get turned on by body scents?

**Tuppy:** Smells? Hmmmm. It depends on whose they are. I don't get really turned off by bad smells.

**Flick:** Are there any sex acts you wouldn't care to try again?

**Tuppy:** No. But I've never been forced into doing anything I didn't really want to do. Nobody's actually shat on me. I mean, guys *have* shat, but that's by mistake because they were overexcited. It just happened. I would have preferred it not to have happened.

**Flick:** What kind of man turns you on the most?

**Tuppy:** It's a mental thing mostly, but there are certain things I do find exciting. Obesity, for example. I have a thing about really fat men. Even though my boyfriend is very skinny, still I like hefty blokes. I like feeling squashed underneath them. I like great rolls of flesh on top of me.

**Flick:** Do you think every cock has its own personality?

**Tuppy:** Without any question. I dislike the looks of some cocks I've seen on film.

**Flick:** Do you prefer your cocks cut or uncut?

**Tuppy:** I like both, but I don't really like cocks with knobbles on them. I also get a bit confused by ones that go out to the sides. I find it a bit difficult and they make me laugh. If such a cock falls out and you stick it back in, it's still sort of sticking out. Really peculiar, but I guess you can get used to them.

**Flick:** You've said and written a lot of things about your sex life. Are they all true?

**Tuppy:** I've never written any lies about it.

**Flick:** Not even about the time you fucked with twelve guys, all of whom knocked on your door within the space of six hours?

**Tuppy:** It was true. It was also amazing. The awful thing about writing about sex is that if something amazing happens, nobody believes it. But it was an exceptional day. I was soaked with sex mentally. Some of the blokes I wouldn't have fucked, but I was so completely sex-drunk that day.

**Flick:** Do you like performing sexual acts in public places?

**Tuppy:** Yes, this is one of my things and I do get off on it, so much so that sometimes guys I know don't say, "Let's go to bed;" they say let's go someplace ridiculous because they know that's my thing. But that can lead to problems. Sometimes some guys can't cope with doing it in a public place and they just can't come. And so you're stuck in some bloody stupid place for what was supposed to be a quick fuck for kicks. It turns into half an hour of total fear that people are going to catch you at it. The whole thrill of it wears off when the guy's still pumping away and you're thinking, "Jesus Christ, this is ridiculous. What am I doing here?"

**Flick:** Where are some of the places you've had sex?

**"I enjoy very much being a girl being fucked hard."**

**Tuppy:** Nothing incredible. Just fire escapes and car parks and places like that. I like fucking in the country an awful lot. A number of my books have been about that. I'm slightly obsessed with it. I think I'm an erotic ecologist basically. I adore it, absolutely adore it.

**Flick:** Why do you find sex in unusual places so enticing?

**Tuppy:** I think one reason is that there are a lot of combinations of other things along with the sex act. I mean, I had a screw with Harry Reems underneath a bridge once. And when he came, the echo of his coming was absolutely fantastic. It really was a sensational fuck and it was everything together that made it so good. The marble slab that I was lying on, everything around me, looking down on the water, the sounds. Visually and orally and everything!

**Flick:** Wasn't there some experience you had in Germany?

**Tuppy:** Ah, yes. One of the most exciting evenings I ever had was with a guy in Frankfurt. There's a very nice area on the other side of the river from the main part of town where people go drinking a lot. Anyway, this guy led me around this entire area by my clitoris. He actually took hold of it and kept leading me

around the town. It was very amazing. I was quite hysterical. I mean, it was very funny but also I was very turned on. Very nice night. And he fucked very well.

**Flick:** Are you sexually aggressive?

**Tuppy:** No, not really. Mind you, it's pretty easy in my position to get around that problem. I've only got to tell a bloke the things I do. For example, yesterday in the airplane I could've just turned to the guy next to me and said, "Funny, last time I was in an airplane I had this great fuck," and he would have got this immediate erection and screwed me on the spot. You see, it's easy. I also find it a bit nicer than to say: "Please, will you take me to the lavatory? I want you to fuck me." Still, a lot of men, I suppose, do get off on the fact that girls will come up to them and beg to be fucked.

**Flick:** As a foreigner, do you find some American women too aggressive?

**Tuppy:** Some of them are so awful. Just the way women in America talk is enough to put the men off. Why the hell would they want to screw them? They can be so overpowering. Anyway, I'm just not into that sort of thing—being sexually aggressive. I could never do it. I mean unless I've already been screwing the guy. Then I'd nail him down to the floor and say, "Once more."

**Flick:** Do you consider yourself a traditional woman?

**Tuppy:** I'm very, very traditional because I think—or rather, I don't think there's anything wrong with the way it's always been. I enjoy very much being a girl being fucked hard. I'm also able to surprise blokes by actually doing things back to them. And if that stopped surprising them, it'd take a lot of my happiness away. It wouldn't be as much fun if men all expected me to get on with it.

**Flick:** What do you think of the women's lib movement in general?

**Tuppy:** I don't like it.

**Flick:** A lot of women complain about being used as sexual objects.

**Tuppy:** I like being used as a sexual object; it's jolly good. There are a lot of things that women complain about, but if you took them away they'd probably moan. I think women here are just going through a stage—a bossy stage. It just hits you when you suddenly arrive in America and you see them.

**Flick:** Of course, you've already become a successful businesswoman.

**Tuppy:** You see, that's the point. I've done it. I've run my own company on my own and now I can really appreciate all the things about being a traditional woman. Why don't these others just go out and do what they want to do? Get on with it. Why must they stand up and moan all the time?

**Flick:** So you like being thought of as a sex object. *(Continued on page 62)*

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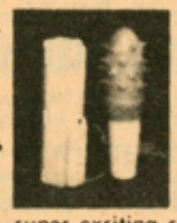

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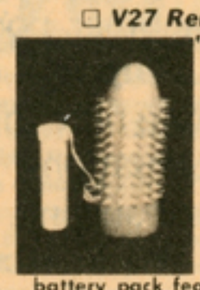

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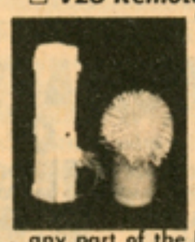

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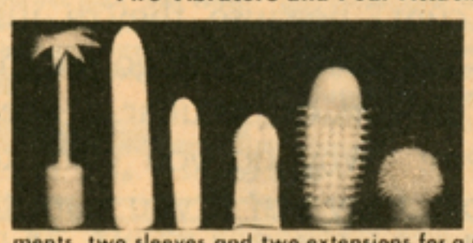

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# TUPPY OWENS

*(Continued from page 61)*

**Tuppy:** Yes. Do you know if other porn actresses enjoy the idea of people jerking off over them? I had this big picture in my mind of coming to America, standing on a street corner and being jerked off over. It seemed like a strange accomplishment, considering my college degree. On the other hand, I did enjoy that jerking off idea when I wrote my books. Putting everything into the books that I could pour out sexually, and then know that people were really enjoying them. The whole idea is absolutely fantastic and sexually, it doubles your fun to think that people might be jerking off over something you've taken out of your head.

**Flick:** Do you think you'll appear in another porn film soon?

**Tuppy:** I did look upon this as being a one-time thing, really. I did enjoy making *Sensations,* but it was also very exhausting, very time-consuming.

**Flick:** How did people you know react to your making this film?

**Tuppy:** Well, it was staggering. I mean, people who would never normally want to look at my cunt—because they're just good friends—are clamoring to go see the film. I think it's sort of peculiar. I keep saying to them: "Why do you want to come and look at my ass? If you want to see it, I'll show you now." But they wouldn't dream of looking in real life. They want to see me on the screen.

**Flick:** How did you yourself react to your performance?

**Tuppy:** I was a bit confused because I was acting a part that didn't have anything to do with me—so it was like watching me, but it wasn't me. I didn't particularly like looking at my own cunt. Not really. I don't like cunts.

**Flick:** What do you think about humor in the bedroom and in films?

**Tuppy:** I think it's lovely, as long as it's sexy humor. I get very funny when I'm fucking and laugh a lot. I think it fits very well. Alberto (Ferro, director of *Sensations*) doesn't think so. He's sexually very heavy and doesn't like funny things in his sex films.

**Flick:** But there's a lot of humor in *Sensations*.

**Tuppy:** But not in the actual sex scenes. To act in one of his films you had to make sure you did things very seriously erotic. Nothing cuddly, nothing sweet and affectionate. Nothing funny. Heavy, serious eroticism. I think if you're going to sit in the cinema watching a film, it's marvelous to be able to laugh. I mean, the tension of sitting there with an erection must be a bit ghastly, isn't it?

**Flick:** Well, it also might be difficult to maintain for ninety minutes.

**Tuppy:** That's how men differ from women, isn't it? Actually, I can't bear to sit there horny and not be able to do anything about it. It drives me insane. I hate it.

**Flick:** But there are many men who jerk off in theatres. They're often referred to as the raincoat crowd or newspaper men.

**Tuppy:** I see. They have newspapers over their cocks. Must make a funny sound.

**Flick:** Despite the lack of humor, did you enjoy working with Alberto?

**Tuppy:** He's a very nice person to make films with, actually. He's very helpful. He does his own little things like loosening your ass himself—with his own finger—or stroking your cunt.

**Flick:** Lucky man. What do you think of wet shots?

**Tuppy:** Coming all over the face? Peculiar, isn't it? That really originated in Denmark, didn't it? Then it just caught on. They very rarely show cunts coming properly, do they?

**Flick:** If you were to make your own porn film, what would you do differently?

**Tuppy:** There's a lot that hasn't been done in films that true voyeurs would like very much to see. For example, if you brought two people together who had been in love and hadn't seen each other in—let's say six years. And if you filmed the whole thing, it wouldn't be acting. No one could ever act the way they would fuck each other. People in porn are so used to screwing each other all the time that they're not really interested in each other's bodies any more.

**Flick:** There were quite a few eye-opening scenes in *Sensations,* weren't there? In your own part, you fucked yourself anally with a riding crop, but it was also humorous the way you produced that carved cock you wore around your neck.

**Tuppy:** I pissed them off with that scene because I surprised them. I was supposed to be doing a strip tease and all of a sudden I produced this prick from out of my pocket. I got terribly bored, you see, with being told what to do.

**Flick:** And what about the "golden shower" scene where the girl urinated all over her boyfriend?

**Tuppy:** It was a long piss, wasn't it? She'd been saving it up for a long time.

**Flick:** Actually it was a flood. Do you think there should be limitations in sex scenes?

**Tuppy:** I guess everybody ought to see everything. Why not? It's nice to see what other people are doing. It's just human inquisitiveness to see how other people fuck.

**Flick:** Would you say that porn improves people's sex lives?

**Tuppy:** Oh yes. Widens their horizons, opens the doors. Obviously it's nice to discover things for yourself, but I guess many married people don't spend much time trying new things out because they just close their minds to them. I think it's good for them to see more of what's available. ○

## SINEMA

(Continued from page 8)

But for a number of years there was a group of independent producers and distributors who mined the fringe areas of the movie business. They emerged in the 1930's and facetiously referred to themselves as the "forty thieves." Their product was pretty shabby by Hollywood production standards, but the subject matter allegedly probed those sociologically murky areas that the big studios avoided.

Not that they gave the patron much for his money. The ads were provocative, but the flicks were phony. For instance, *Crusade Against Rackets* (1937) had an ad promising "the naked truth about missing girls." Or a lobby poster would imply a moral message as it did for *Slaves of Bondage* (1938): "Shall modern youth be branded with a scarlet blot by various demons of lust and desire—or will social justice triumph?"

The titles were a con-man's come-on—*Child Bride, Sinful Souls, Victims of Passion, Escort Girl,* etc. And often the previews would contain scenes that never showed up in the release print, less the minions of the law crack down on the theaters.

These films usually played in the second-rate theatres that hovered around the downtown areas. These were often burlesque houses which had a live show, and an even duller film. And the parade of these flicks went on and on—they were simply re-edited and slightly updated as the years passed. Eventually, some made little or no sense, a crude hodge-podge usually accompanied by a squeaking soundtrack and other creakings of age.

Still, they hung around for many years, the only product of its type that was available from a tightly controlled industry. And their constant re-issuing—aided by the miniscule budgets that were lavished on them—undoubtedly turned a tidy profit over the long, long run.

Then there were the clinical rip-offs like 1944's *Mom and Dad*. This movie showed a childbirth scene—a subject so seemingly daring for its time that the showmen employed all their expertise in exploitation. In some towns they had two showings—a matinee for women and an evening showing for men only. On oc-

*(Continued on page 64)*


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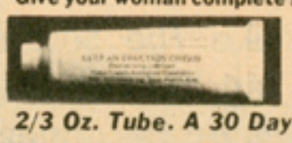

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## SINEMA

(Continued from page 63)

casion they even used the corny ploy of having a nurse on duty, for the faint-hearted. Gimmickry to the hilt.

By the 1950s another promising field was plowed—the nudist colony. *Garden of Eden* in 1954 implied that audiences were in for an erotic treat, but, of course, all they saw was the sunshine-and-health frolicking of nudes. Sure enough, though, there were censorship troubles in some cities, but this only added to the box office harvest.

Partial nudity was a minor breakthrough, and one enterprising observer soon made capital of it. In the 1960s Russ Meyer emerged as the "king of the nudies." It all began with the phenomenal success of his first such venture, 1959's *The Immoral Mr. Teas.*

The picture was shot on a shoestring, but technically it was first-rate, a craftsman's job of quality photography. The plot was preposterous, but it provided a light excuse for the goings-on. A fat messenger goes to a dentist and because of the side-effects of the anesthetic, he sees every girl in the nude. It was as simple as that—and the flick caught on slowly, but surely. (Meyer had only a few prints, and it took a long time to play off many theatres.)

But the movie was a watershed in the industry—the first of its kind to bother with plot at all, the first to skillfully sidestep the censors, and—most importantly—the first nudie to make a good deal of money. Naturally, Meyer was soon faced with plenty of competition.

One of them was Stan Manner who released a successful entry called *Surftide 77*. The plot involved a private detective who was searching for a girl who had become an heir to a fortune. Her identifying trait was a butterfly birthmark on her right tit, and this, of course, provided ample excuses for undressing. But it was all lightly done and mildly humorous.

These films—in Hollywood parlance—were referred to as "nudie-cuties." And Meyer once admitted that he had a weakness for big-busted broads. "I'm inclined towards the bosom," he said. "Call it momism or what you will. I can't really explain it. In my movies I've gone for caricatures of the female—outrageously developed women." But he added that he didn't care for total frontal nudity, explaining that "if you show it all, moviegoers will become bored with bodies and you're out of business."

But as the competition became more intense, Meyer decided to expand his horizons. He soon dabbled in sadism, masochism, lesbianism, homosexuality and what-not. To further spice up the proceedings he added heavy doses of murder and violence to the sex shenanigans. And his films continued to chalk up impressive grosses.

The major studios also took due notice. But even though there were some early feelers out for his services, there was always someone in the upper echelons who thought Meyer didn't fit into their scheme—his image was not pure enough for the pseudo snow-white posturing of the industry establishment.

Meyer's 1969 movie, *Vixen,* dramatically changed that. In Chicago alone it was the top grossing flick of the year. And it was made on a tiny budget of $72,000—the return on its investment was too much to be ignored.

Respectable 20th Century Fox took a flyer on Meyer's talents for ringing in box office winners on very modest budgets, and in 1970 he filmed *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls.* It also made money.

Meyer is quite attuned to his audience, and in a 1970 interview he said: "You take a film like *Sister George.* I'm not panning it. I liked it. But people sat through eighty minutes just too see five minutes of eroticism, some girl chewing on another girl's nipple. I don't play those games with an audience. In my films you know where you're at in fifteen seconds—the first fifteen seconds."

Meyer went on to make *The Seven Minutes* in 1971 for Fox, but by then the out-and-out porno flicks were becoming very hard-core, indeed. With the release of *Deep Throat* in 1972—and its sensational box office harvest—the competition began to wonder where in the hell to go next.

No longer was the audience overwhelmingly male. Couples were now frequently on the porno screen, and women—it appeared—were also getting turned on by it. Or, at least, they were engaging in a little primary research.

Sexually liberated audiences or not, the porno flicks had their detractors—and it had nothing to do with prudishness. The liberated female could still see that the arena of sex was plainly male-oriented. Linda Lovelace had, of course, become a porno star with *Deep Throat,* but her performance was met with disapproval in some quarters. In her book, *Popcorn Venus,* Margaret Rosen flung a few brickbats at the movie's premise:

"But the prime convenience of *Deep Throat*, of course, is that the movie's gimmick—the fact that Miss Lovelace's clitoris is located in her throat—creates an ultimate fantasy which neatly does away with the female genitalia. Her vagina is desensitized, unimportant; the only juices of hers that flow are saliva. Fellatio can now satisfy both her partner, and by some lazy, generous masculine imagination of relocation, her, too!"

You can't please everyone.

But at least the plots are getting better—and even a degree of quality is creeping in. The erstwhile "forty thieves" couldn't compete in today's market. For instance, Paul Morrisey, a graduate of the underground and Andy Warhol's chief collaborator, turned out *Andy Warhol's Frankenstein* in 1974. Grotesque, perhaps, and about as X-rated as you can get, but it may even have been porno with a diabolical purpose. (What purpose we'll leave to the savants.)

As history marks time, the movies are an infant art form. Sex, of course, has always been around. Although it took a while for the cinema to explore these areas with more than a passing snigger, it was inevitable.

No doubt sex is still being exploited—and will continue to be. But today a patron might even get what he paid for. If you don't mind the stiff price. ○

## OBSESSION

(Continued from page 40)

nurse and phones Peter's fiancee (Roberta Woods). There's been a terrible accident, Peaches tells the girl. Hysterical, the fiancee rushes over to Peter's apartment.

Meanwhile, Peter has been swearing undying fidelity to Patty, all the while fucking her and allowing her to suck his cock. Although he squirts his hot load, Patty revives him in no time and he is unleashing his second wad when his fiancee runs into the room. The jig is up for Peter. As for Patty, she shrugs, bored, and quips, "And you said you were all mine." Mission accomplished.

Julia moves into a new apartment with Patty and Peaches, where the three girls form a business partnership as call girls. They also throw some dazzling get-togethers for their clients; the three of them manage to service all of the men gathered, whatever their kinky tastes. Julia, still miserable over the way Peter has used her, is back to popping pills. Her object in life now is to make men pay . . . and pay . . . and pay.

But the flourishing call girl service is soon at an end. A nasty underworld figure (Steven Long) wants "in" on the proceeds. No deal, says Julia. Before long, the girls find themselves constantly harassed by police and robbed. Their customers flee, and the game is lost. Patty and Peaches get a strip act together (which Julia refuses to join) and continue to hustle on the side. Julia hits the streets with worse luck than ever before. She is attacked by other prostitutes for territorial trespassing. The pills and booze are starting to ruin her looks and she's lucky to get even five bucks for turning a trick.

Then one day Julia agrees to keep a sex date for Patty, who has to rehearse for a new strip show. Julia knocks on the "john's" hotel door and—guess what? Remember Ted, Julia's high school flame?

Julia is unable to admit to Ted her reason for coming to his room. She merely tells him that she heard he was in town and wants to renew old times. Ted tells her that she's a tease and promptly rapes her. He ties her up, collars her, fucks her up the ass, and even goes so far as to follow this sex act by sticking a tube in her moist posterior and forcing hot shaving cream up her rectum. Ouch! Pained by his excesses, Julia finally realizes the ugly truth about herself—that all her life she's wanted people to shit on her. Only a masochist, she admits, could be attracted to the monsters she has known.

Whenever a nice guy has come along—such as a friend of Peter's named James

(Horace Moon)—she has scorned his affection. After many painful years of putting out to bastards, she not only learns the truth about herself but decides that she can no longer live with it.

And so she completes the cycle and joins the strip act started by Patty and Peaches. In the audience, she sees the ghosts, the shadows of all the men who used her along the way—the bored, self-seeking men who never gave a damn about her. But at last she is going to make them sit up and notice her. She holds up the revolver, places the muzzle in her mouth and . . .

*The Divine Obsession* marks the porn debut of model-actress Julia Franklin. She is a stunningly beautiful redhead. "The reason I chose to do this picture," she states, "was that the script was very close to my own experiences in New York City and those of a close friend of mine. Although the story is incredibly wild, there is nothing in it which doesn't happen in the real world." Well, novice or not, Julia is a very gifted performer sexually, and is responsible for much of the erotic value of the film—with aid from such male performers as Alan Marlo, Eric Edwards, Tony Dexter, Don Veril, and Carl Ash (also known as David Savage).

Bree Anthony, who was featured in such films as *Oriental Blue*, *Anyone But My Husband* and *Sexteen*, gives her best performance to date as the worldly-wise Patty. National Velvet (Terri Hall) has a delectable body and can fulfill the fantasies of many men. She was well cast as Peaches. In fact, there is an extremely erotic lesbian duo between Bree and her that will wake up the most tired movie-goer.

Perhaps the greatest problem this movie has is the lack of sufficient rehearsal time for Julia Franklin. For once, an actress in porn has been given a meaty acting role and it's a shame that she didn't have a sufficient amount of time to give the role complete justice in that department. But one can hardly quibble with her gorgeous face and body—a la Suzy Parker—and her sexual abilities.

If the plot of *The Divine Obsession* sounds like very heavy soap opera material, it's because I lack the space to stress the many humorous, satirical elements found in the film. Julia's "big chance" to replace the star of a porn film is right out of *42nd Street*. There's also a clever take-off on a well-known TV interviewer, who will remain nameless here. Much of the humor is pretty tongue-in-cheek and enhances an obviously melodramatic story line. The story may be of the same calibre as *Valley of the Dolls*, but whereas that movie was deadly serious and deadly dull, *The Divine Obsession* is successful because it makes fun of itself. And the eroticism, I might add, is never short-changed by the plot—or vice versa. So despite the budgetary limitations that make *The Divine Obsession* less than slick, it is a film worth seeing by any porn fan. Not since *Pamela Mann* have I enjoyed an explicit sex film as much.


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# JOANNA

(Continued from page 21)

necessary to seek the opinion of others—an objective opinion—regarding one's work, and I have a feeling that Damiano may not have had anyone to turn to. He himself was not able to stand back and see what was happening to his movie—and why.

First of all, he was attempting to integrate serious subject matter and explicit sex. Or to put it more succinctly, he was trying to "legitimize" porn. In theory, the idea of telling a sexual story in which explicit sex develops naturally from the storyline is a good one. But Damiano has tried to bite off more than he can chew. In order to give porn patrons their customary amount of sex, it is almost impossible to deal with complex issues that non-porn filmmakers would think twice about taking on. When a film is stuffed with sex, there is little time left for creating believable characters. I'm not saying it can't be done. It *can* be done, but only if the basic premise of the subject matter is simple.

To present Jason as a wealthy, emotionally and sexually jaded man who has experienced every thrill but the thrill of death might work in a non-pornographic film, assuming that the creator of such a theme convinces the audience through words and action how such a man can progress to such a state. Jason, unfortunately, offers the audience little understanding of why he is the way he is. Joanna's character is a little easier to accept since the idea of a woman willing to do anything for the man she loves has become conventional fare in books and films over the years. However, her reaction to Jason's death is totally false, at least on a psychological level. In a love marked by humiliation and despair, it is feasible that she could pull the trigger. It is not feasible that she could afterwards become as callous and dispassionate as Jason was toward her. Hysterical, perhaps, catatonic, perhaps. The love-hatred she feels for the man throughout the film could hardly turn her suddenly lukewarm at the sight of his mutilated body. The audience in the screening room could not believe this either or they would not have tittered over the lines. The irony of Joanna becoming the kind of emotional zombie that Jason is throughout would have been a clever gimmick if the irony had been justifiable. The fact that Damiano's ending is laughable instead should indicate something to him, and perhaps by the time the film is released, the final dialogue will (hopefully) be edited out.

However, *The Story of Joanna* has an even more serious problem. The dialogue, particularly Jason's dialogue, is formal, stilted and totally incredible. People, whether rich, poor, innocent, jaded, gregarious, or loners do not talk the way Damiano imagines that they do. Jason may be debauched, decadent, bored and a member of a small aristocracy of wealth, but he is not a 19th century duke in Queen Victoria's court. (And I seriously doubt that a 19th or 18th century gentleman would be averse to using the slang of his own class and period). Jason's ludicrous dialogue does not limit itself to flowery, poetical speeches on the joys of lechery and sensual experience, but is carried into the banalities of dinner conversation. Instead of asking Joanna if she likes the wine he has given her, he will archly say "Does the wine displease you?" I have dined with rich Americans, with British gentry and aristocracy, and I have yet to meet anyone whose speech pattern remotely resembles those forced upon the character of Jason. It is to Jamie Gillis's acting credit that, saddled with such lines, he is able to keep audiences from either giggling or upchucking. Frankly, Jason talks not like a master but a stereotype of a British butler.

Perhaps this is the reason that the most successful characterization in the film is done by Zebedy Colt as . . . the butler. His formality is both excusable and acceptable in a manservant, though possibly outdated. Colt deserves special mention for giving his role dignity and staying in character, whether he is serving dinner, sticking his cock between Joanna's lips, or sticking Jason's cock between his own. Not an easy feat, but Colt gives a memorable performance.

As the maid Gena, Juliet Graham (actor Jamie Gillis's real-life lover—notice they both have the same initials) is an extremely attractive blonde with a curvaceous body and a pleasant screen personality. She may go far in the porn field, but not with the dialogue Damiano has written for her.

As for the leading lady, Terri Hall is a talented dancer, moves well as a result, is an exceptional performer sexually, and brings to her part the necessary quality of innocence flavored with masochistic docility. Her line-readings are not so hot, but she's no worse than 99 per cent of porn actresses and infinitely better than some. Her dark looks are not beautiful, but distinctive, and she has an extremely attractive body, without the sags, cellulite and fatty deposits you find in most American porn actresses.

Blood and gore has never been entertaining to me, but that's my personal taste. If it's to be done, at least it should be done well—and not only the bloodletting, but the rest of the film as well.

Damiano has spent a great deal of time and money on his film. The photography is exceptional, the sets (rented old mansions and grounds) are stunning, the costumes are generally apropos. The sex is often erotic. But the dialogue . . . well, as I said to the person next to me, "This should have been filmed in French with English subtitles. Then it might have worked. Everywhere but in France." ○

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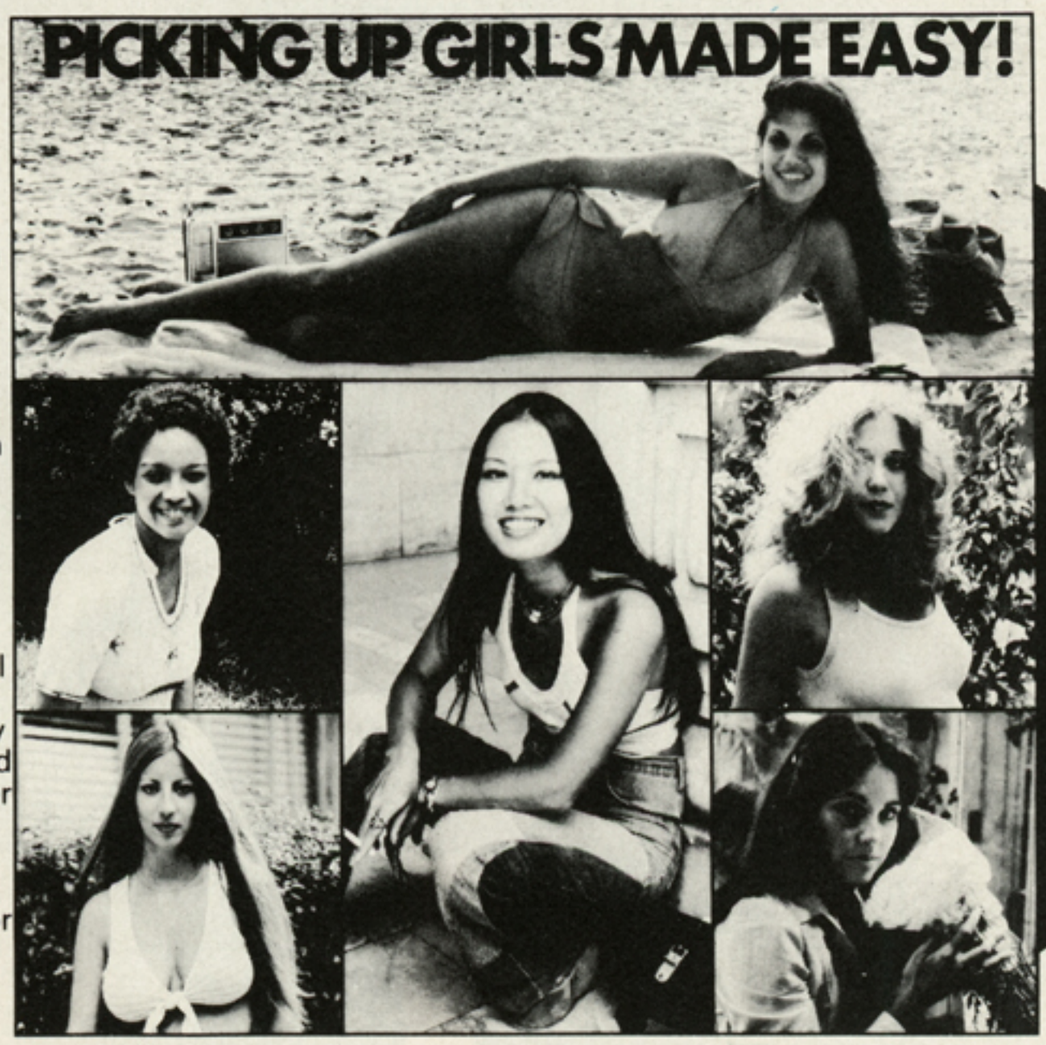


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